

ANC

MAD

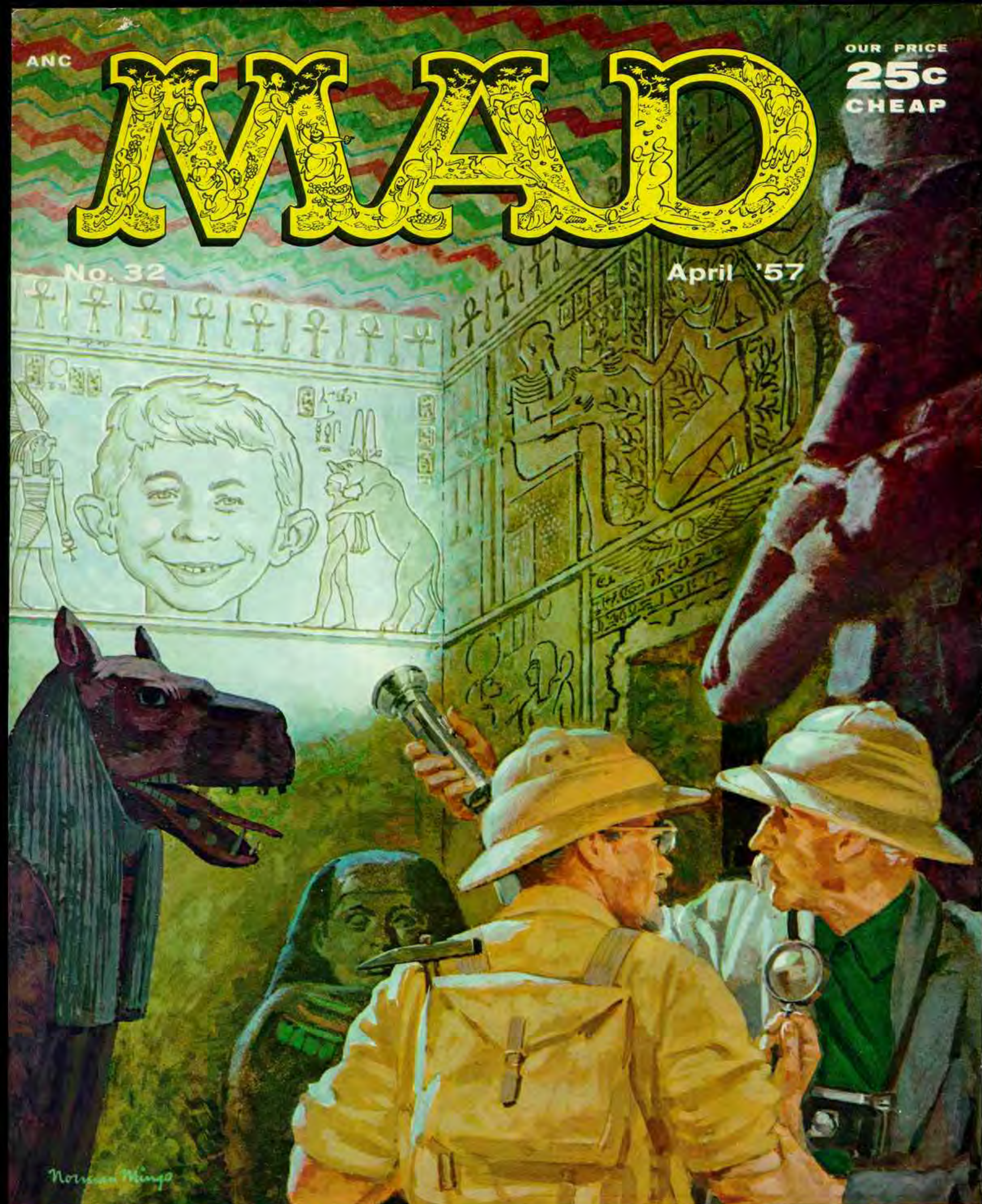
OUR PRICE

25c

CHEAP

No. 32

April '57



ORSON BEAN **TOM LEHRER** **JEAN SHEPHERD**

makes a paper
EUCALYPTUS TREE **WILD WILD WEST**

explains
NIGHT PEOPLE

THE
STEVE ALLAN
STORY

HOW MUCH MORE OF THIS STUFF CAN YOU TAKE?

NOW READY
to finish the job!



THE LATEST IN THE SERIES OF
POCKET-SIZE BOOKS CLEVERLY
CALCULATED TO NUDGE YOUR
LAZY LIVER, STRENGTHEN
YOUR TIRED BLOOD, AND
MAINLY DESTROY
YOUR MIND.

This fourth edition contains the best of MAD
(the worst of magazines!), not previously re-
printed in any of the other three editions. The
truth is, we deliberately held this material
for a coupe-de-grace. Unfortunately, Grace sold
her coupe. So here it is. And you can have it!

NOW ON SALE!

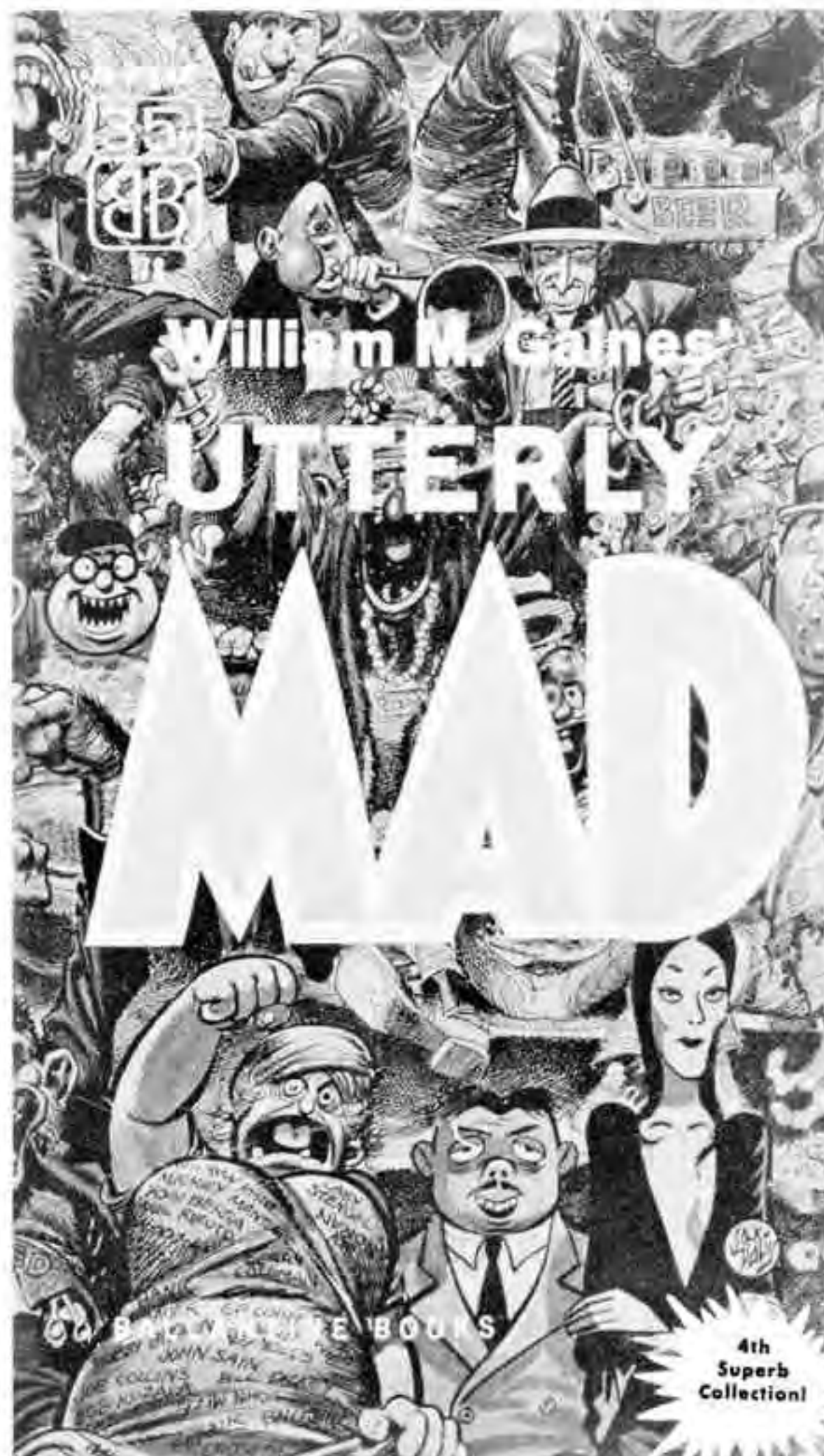
under newsstand counters everywhere!

BUY IT! BUY IT! BUY IT!

STEAL IT, EVEN!

However, if your newsy is a law-abiding citizen
and refuses to handle this fourth mind-rotting
book, you can send in for it. In fact, if you
haven't yet purchased any or all of the other
three, you can send in for the whole series and
start from scratch. So — dig up that scratch!

40¢ for one, 75¢ for two,
\$1.00 for three, \$1.25 for four.



Just fill out the coupon below,* enclose the correct amount for the books you want, and mail to:

MAD EDITORS,
POCKET DEPARTMENT,
225 Lafayette Street
New York City 12, N. Y.



Please send me the book(s) I have
checked. I have enclosed the cor-
rect amount of scratch (I think.)

* Or duplicate

Please send me:

No. 4 UTTERLY MAD ☐
No. 3 INSIDE MAD ☐
No. 2 MAD STRIKES BACK ... ☐
No. 1 THE MAD READER ☐

I enclose:

40¢ for one ☐
75¢ for two ☐
\$1.00 for three ☐
\$1.25 for four ☐

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

MAD

"The most completely lost of all days is that on which one has not laughed." Chamfort (1741-1794)

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines

EDITOR: Albert B. Feldstein

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In this article, we gaze into our crystal ball and make startling predictions of coming 1957 events that should affect nobody at all.

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We con Mr. Bean out of his famous monologue which always improves night club business in an insidious effort to improve our own.

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Rebellious Jean Shepherd makes some rebellious-type statements in a rebellious article which only a rebellious magazine would print.

THE MAD DATING TECHNIQUE45



An article of dating hints guaranteed to improve your chances and insure success with the girls, providing you ignore the whole thing.

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NANSY

by Ernie Brushfiller



Recently, while scanning the pages of our favorite newspaper in search of material to swipe, our attention was magnetically drawn to the above comic strip. In fact, every day our attention is magnetically drawn to this comic strip because it always has a simple unique style, because it always has a simple unique gag, and mainly be-

cause we've always had a uniquely simple mind. After we read it (and hated ourself for our weakness), we thought about the unique style of this comic strip and how the same strip would look in the unique styles of other comic strips. Here, then, is MAD's version of how those other comic strip's artists would interpret Ernie Brushfiller's . . .

NANSY

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

NANSY DUCK

by Walt Dizzy



DICK NANSY

by Chesterfield Oldgold



LI'L NANSY

by Cal App



NANSY CANYON

by Milton Knish





**Four New York Doctors Prove . . .
YOU CAN BREAK THE
MAGAZINE HABIT!
with the MAD 1½ Year Plan!**

**8 out of 10 people tested did it!
(The other 2 were illiterate!)**

HERE'S HOW:

- (1) Stop taking whatever magazine you now take!
- (2) Instead, for the first year, take six issues of MAD!
- (3) Then, for the next half-year, take three issues of MAD!
- (4) Then . . . Nothing!

By then, you'll have not only broken the magazine habit, you'll have broken down completely!

**TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS
RARE PRIVILEGE TODAY!**

Fill out coupon, or duplicate, and mail to:

MAD PLAN

225 Lafayette Street
New York 12, N. Y.

I want to break the magazine habit with the MAD 1½ year plan . . . which just so happens to equal a 9 issue subscription. I enclose \$2.00 for this rare privilege.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE . . . STATE

LETTERS DEPT.



FIELD AND SCREAM

In your February issue of MAD, in the "Field and Scream" article, you say, "Irv Blintz displays day's catch: 2 spotted bass and a sunfish." Sorry, boys, but only one fish was spotted. Somebody's got to go!

Robert Hollinger
Bloomfield, N. J.

. . . Looks like you got your fish mixed up. The caption says, "2 spotted bass and a sunfish." But the picture shows 1 spotted bass and two sunfish!

Chuck Levy
Lincoln, Neb.



Mixed Up Fish?

. . . only one of the fish is spotted. Something is rotten at headquarters.

Danny Lichty
Flushing, N. Y.

. . . Fools! Idiots! Numbskulls! Irv's catch is 2 sunfish and 1 spotted bass!

Steve Ellerbroek
Long Beach, Calif.

. . . the picture shows only one fish with spots. Could it be you meant 2 bass and a spotted sunfish, or 2 sunned spots and a bassfish, or 2 suns and a bassed spotfish, or one grunch and an eggplant over on the lake?

Joshua Zerlin
South Euclid, Ohio

. . . They were neither bass nor sunfish, but three oversized sardines!

Bob Singer
Cleveland, Ohio

Everybody's wrong! Actually, caption should have read: "1 spotted bass, 1 sunfish, and 1 oversized sardine."—Ed.

I recently tried your Bass Fishing method. As a matter of fact, I used 15 grenades. All of a sudden, oil started shooting up from my lake. Now all my fish are dead and that messy oil's all over the place. Thanks for nothing!

Bruce Brown
New York, N. Y.

Them vinyl plastic ducks make terrible eating! Nuts to your ideas!

Bill O'Keefe
New Milford, N. J.

Took your advice and "Got Lost" in the great north woods. Met Gina Lollobrigida up here. Like you said. Am having the time of what's left of my life.

"Lucky" Simonds
Nyack, N. Y.

All I caught was a bad cold and seven pieces of shrapnel in my leg.

Fred Beard
South Gate, Calif.

You may have meant well with your tips on "Keeping Worms". However, I am sorry to say you neglected to add a word of caution to men with near-sighted wives. I was halfway through my spaghetti dinner when it dawned on me . . .

Tom Main
Bayside, L. I.

Read your "Field and Scream" article, and enjoyed it thoroughly. Keep up the good work.

Mark Trail
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

MARYLIN MARONE

I enjoyed every minute of the latest MAD, except the article about Marilyn Marone. That one made me mad . . . mainly because she's wearing long-johns in one of the panels. Who's covering up?

Bob Koeser
No Address Given



Who's Covering Up?

I just read your stupid article on Marilyn Marone. I happen to be a fan of Miss Marone's, and not your crummy magazine. I don't think that part about the baseball player was one bit funny!

Arthur Miller
New York, N. Y.

DON GIOVANNI

The comical part of your article is that it isn't the backdrop to Act III of Aida. It's the backdrop to Act II, Scene II.

1/Lt. Bryson Kitchen
Topeka, Kansas



Act II, Scene II?

I took your advice and rushed down to my favorite record store to ask for "Elvis Presley sings Don Giovanni". Now, those men make me lie on that hard couch and answer their stupid questions.

Ken Corey
Pen Yawn, N. Y.

GREETING CARDS

In regard to the MAD greeting card about tattooing, the least you could've done was to show a picture of this unfortunate girl.

Alan Besser
Cleveland Hts., Ohio

BILLY POOBAB

Your newspaper clippings on the Billy Poobah case was a natural, especially the expose of The Daily Worker. They've really got something there. It is a crime to be poor!

Albertha Spaulding
New York, N. Y.

You're under arrest!—Ed.

The latest MAD is the best ever, with the newspaper story, "Item", the best that you have ever had. Very well done. Congratulations.

Wendell Crowley
Edgewater, N. J.

JAZZBO

Bully for Al "Jazzbo" Collins and his explanation of Jazz. You have convinced my friends and me.

Dave Little
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

I never thought you people would have the nerve enough to print something sensible like explaining Jazz. The meaning couldn't have been simpler. I, as a musician, really appreciated it.

E. Pally Achee
Hicksville, N. Y.

Man, your article on "Jazzbo" was way out. Colossal. Only one thing, you squares! It's Chu Berry, not "Choo".

Don Calfa
West Hempstead, L. I.

A fine article . . . a total surprise.

George Tysh
Wallington, N. J.

I particularly liked "Jazzbo's" article because I'm just becoming a Jazz fan.

John L. Benson
Westtown, Pa.



Jazzbo

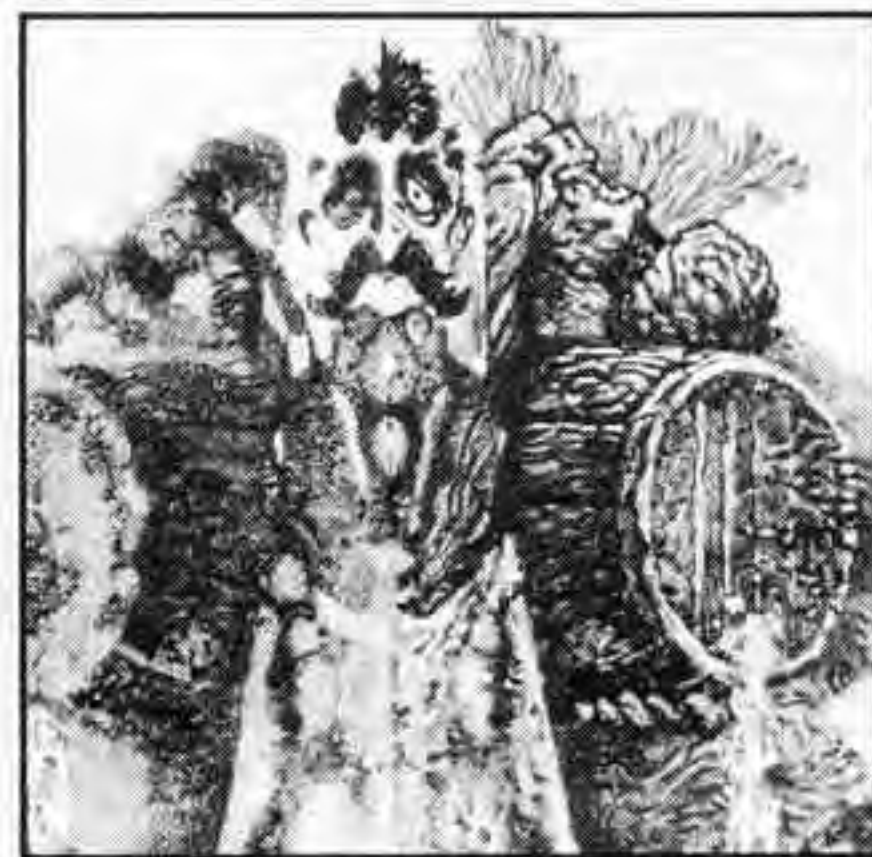
Gone, Man! Crazy, Dad! Your explanation of Jazz was the mostest, to say the leastest. I really colaxed your cool jive. You rate, Mate! Gone, John! Gi'me some skin, Kin!

M. Reine, Jr.
New Orleans, La.

INK BLOT TEST

Congratulations on your "Ink Blot Test". I am definitely a potential alcoholic. I see two bartender's faces, one under the other.

Ray Prochaska
Cleveland, Ohio



Two Bartender's Faces?

None of the "Ink Blots" looked like anything to me. Does that mean I'm sane?

Alfred Mazolie
Norwalk, Conn.

No! It means you're blind!—Ed.

WINDOW TEST

I subscribed to MAD so I could make the MAD Window Test. However, my copy came all smudged with the fingerprints of the no-good cheapskate bum mailman who reads every issue before he puts it in my mailbox.

Tom Donohoe
Cambridge, Mass.

TRAVEL STICKERS

How can you stick your MAD Travel Stickers on car windows, etc., when you didn't put any glue on the backs?

Bruce Marshall
Narbeth, Pa.

Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Room 706, Dept. 32, 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, N. Y.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC. OF MAD

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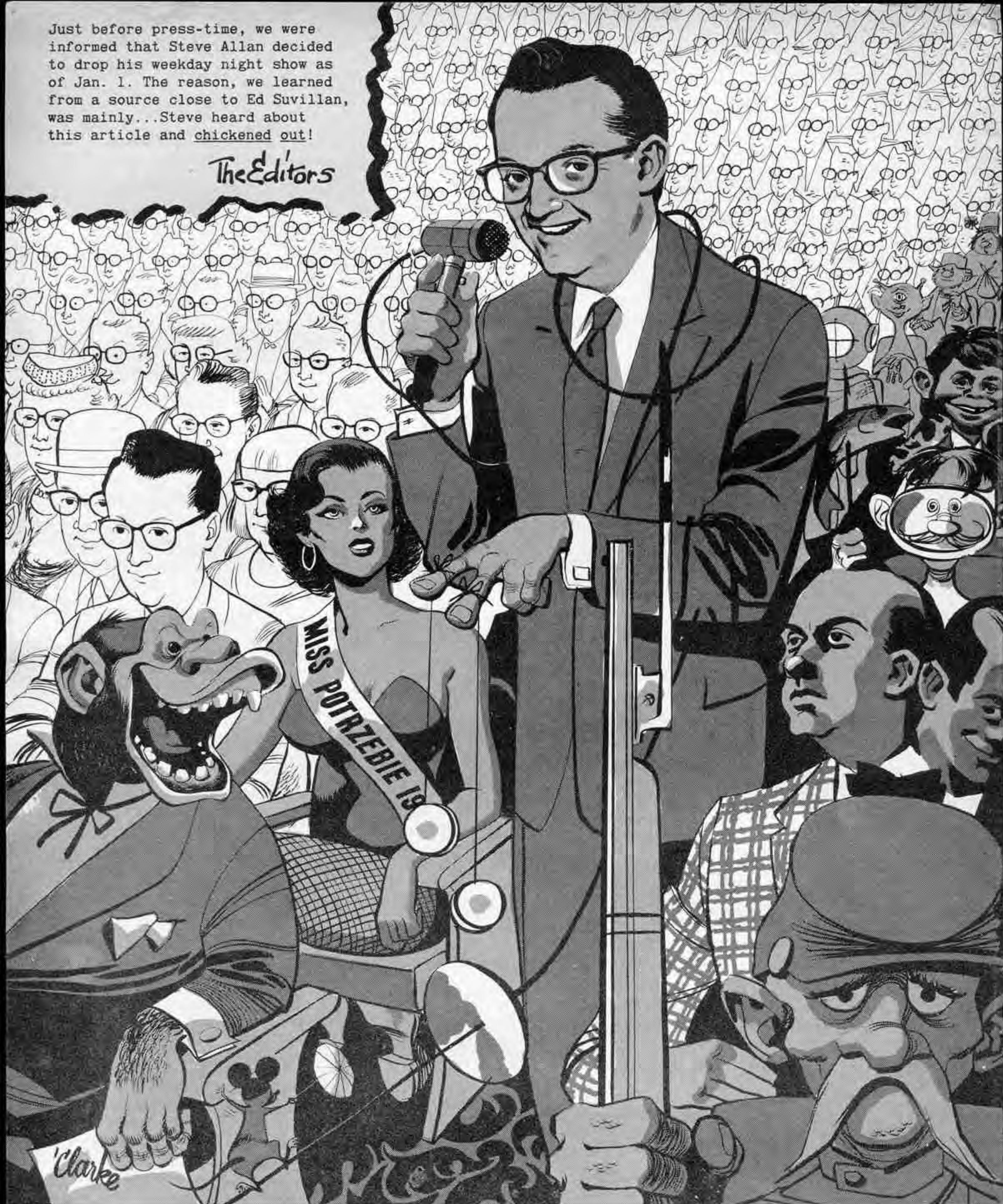
NOW! IN FULL COLOR

"WHAT-ME WORRY?" kid reproductions in full color, suitable for framing and patching colored wall paper are now available for 25c. Mail money to: Dept. "What-COLOR?", c/o MAD, Rm. 706, 225 Lafayette St., N. Y. 12, N. Y.



Just before press-time, we were informed that Steve Allan decided to drop his weekday night show as of Jan. 1. The reason, we learned from a source close to Ed Suvillan, was mainly...Steve heard about this article and chickened out!

The Editors



Highlight of weekday night show comes when Steve takes a hand-mike, goes into the studio audience, and demonstrates one of his fabulous talents... his

uncanny faculty for discerning and discovering the most interesting people to interview. What's even more uncanny is they're all in the aisle seats...

From his humble beginning as a Disc Jockey on a local Phoenix, Arizona, radio station, to his present status as New York T. V.'s biggest talent (6'2½"), this bespectacled comedian has come a long way. 2495 miles to be exact. Here then is . . .

If you were to be invited up to Steve Allan's Park Avenue home to interview him, you would find a lavish six room apartment consisting of a modest kitchen where lots of people prepare Steve's meals, a charming dining room where lots of people serve Steve's meals, and a spacious living room where lots of people digest Steve's meals while they all wait for him to tear himself away from his latest project. Yes, if you were to be invited up to Steve Allan's home, you would also find a quiet study where Steve con-

stantly works on his many projects when he's not appearing before the T.V. cameras. For beside being a talented comedian, Steve is also a short story writer, a novelist, a poet, a playwright, a magazine article writer, a composer, and a musician. So with all these projects, who's got time to eat? Yes, if you were to be invited up to Steve Allan's apartment to interview him, that's what you would find. However, that's not what we found: Because we weren't invited. Steve was too busy.

SEATS FOR THE STEVE ALLAN SHOW are so hard to get, loyal fans have to line up outside Hudson Theatre hours before air time. Some have to wait

four hours for their downstairs seats. Mrs. Sterling has to wait six hours for her aisle seat. Steve Allan has to wait seven hours for his own seat.

MEN, searching for late hour news program, watch Steve Allan. They mistake him for Dave Garroway.

WOMEN, searching for late hour quiz program, watch Steve, mistake him for Robert Q. Lewis...

CHILDREN, searching for late hour kiddie program, watch Steve, mistake him for Clark Kent.



TALENTED TELEVISION PERFORMER IS ALSO CLEVER WRITER

WRITES MUSIC



As one of his many sidelines, Allan writes music. To date, he has written some 2000 odd songs, which may explain why so few ever became popular.

WRITES POETRY



Allan also writes poetry. He started writing poetry when he thought someone, who was commenting on his height, said, "Gosh, you're another Longfellow!"

WRITES SCREENPLAYS



At present, Allan is hard at work on another project, the screenplay for an autobiographical movie, "The Steve Allan Story", starring Benny Goodman.

WRITES SHORT STORIES



As another sideline, Allan also writes short stories. Like he took some old fairy tales, modernized them, and turned them into a book of "BeBop Fables". Their dialogue showed promise. However, their plots were still the same old jazz.

WRITES CHECKS



But with all that writing he does as a sideline, Steve is still nobody's fool. He takes no chances. The cleverest writing Steve Allan does is the checks he writes each week to the smart boys who actually write his television shows.

ALLAN'S PIANO SOLO DEMONSTRATES HIS MUSICAL GENIUS

Steve's musical genius is clearly demonstrated during his Sunday evening show when he sits and plays a snappy piano solo while funny pictures are flashed on your T. V. screen.

Funny pictures like those below. Now you've got to admit that only a musical genius could sit and play snappy piano solos and still manage to get into those funny pictures . . .



Name talent, clever tricks, timed commercials all used in
THE BIG SUNDAY EVENING BATTLE FOR THE TRENDX
 between
STEVE ALLAN and ED SUVILLAN



Allan, in smart move, hires Elvis Presley to appear on his show. Elvis's appearance wins big trendx for Steve...



Suvillan, in counter-move, hires Elvis Presley to appear on his show. Elvis's appearance wins big trendx for Ed...



Allan, in desperate move, does imitation of Presley on his show. Steve's imitation wins big lawsuit for Elvis.



In another clever move Allan hires Wes Yeast, talented impersonator of Ed Suvillan, to make it look as if the real Ed Suvillan is somehow appearing on the Steve Allan Show.



However, Wes, previously hired in clever move by Suvillan, carries a midget television camera under his toupee, so Steve Allan actually does appear on the Ed Suvillan Show.

Attempting to capture T.V. audience switching channels, Ed cleverly holds big act until Steve starts commercial.



To recapture T.V. audience switching channels, Allan cleverly holds commercial until Ed starts his commercial.



Audience, switching channels, hits all commercials and is cleverly captured by Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour.



**Wanted . . . someone who'll sing the introduction to "Stardust" for a change.
—Hoagy Carmichael

RELAXATION IS KEYNOTE OF WEEKDAY NIGHT SHOW



Steve relaxes at home base, chats, reads notes from studio audience. Band relaxes, ignores notes entirely, even ignores Sketch Hinderson.



Studio audience relaxes, chats, ignores notes from Ray Geneburn . . . Home viewers, relaxed from so much relaxation, ignore whole show.



Besides being all those other things, Steve Allen is also a shrewd psychologist. And he employs his knowledge of psychology when he hires performers. Note psychological ef-



fect in picture below of Steve posing with guests and regulars from recent shows. Note that, by hiring short performers, Steve makes sure he remains *T.V.'s Biggest Talent!*



END

SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

The Faithful Dog



CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.



in this article, we look into our crystal ball and make

IT'S GONNA BE

MEDICINE

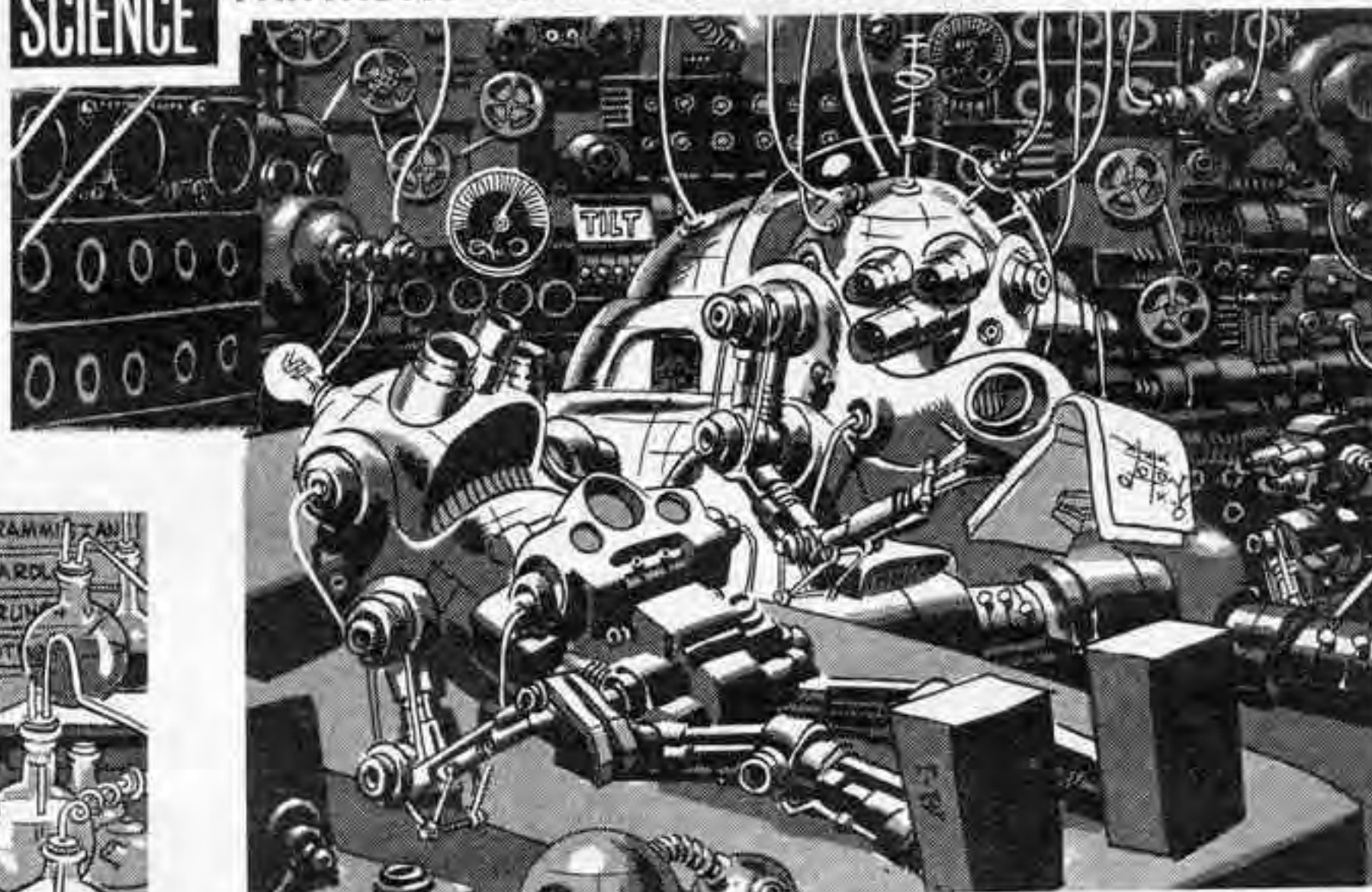
**NEW WONDER DRUG
WILL BE DEVELOPED**



A new wonder drug will make its welcome appearance this year. Its sole purpose will be to counteract the side effects of all them other wonder drugs.

SCIENCE

FANTASTIC NEW ELECTRONIC BRAIN WILL BE BUILT



A new electronic brain will be constructed this year which will help solve the growing problems arising from breakdowns due to the overworking of the nation's old electronic brains. This new brain will be trained to act as psychiatrist for the old brains.

PRESS

CONFIDENTIAL MAGAZINE WILL CEASE PUBLICATION



This year, Confidential Magazine will cease publication because, when it exposed Hollywood personalities, it enjoyed high sales, but when it attacked Elvis Presley, it suffered high explosives.

SPORTS

**AMERICAN WILL FINALLY
RUN FOUR MINUTE MILE**



Sam Westee will win distinction of being first American to run four-minute-mile. He will cover distance in phenomenal time of three minutes, fifty-six and two-tenths seconds. Unfortunately, record will not be official. Westee will be running from cops at the time.

some startling predictions, all of which add up to the fact that

A MAD MAD YEAR!

SPACE

FIRST EARTH SATELLITE WILL BE LAUNCHED



The first Earth satellite, the size of a basketball, will be launched this year and will immediately disappear. Efforts to locate it will fail. Rumors will have it that Martians are tossing it around space.

TRADE

ASSOCIATION WILL DEMAND EMBARGO ON IMPORTS



In California, a newly-formed association will demand that the U.S. place an embargo on further imports from foreign countries. "We got enough competition from native-born actresses without bringing in European sex packages!" says Lila Vavoom, association president.

PEOPLE

OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD WILL RETURN TO U.S.



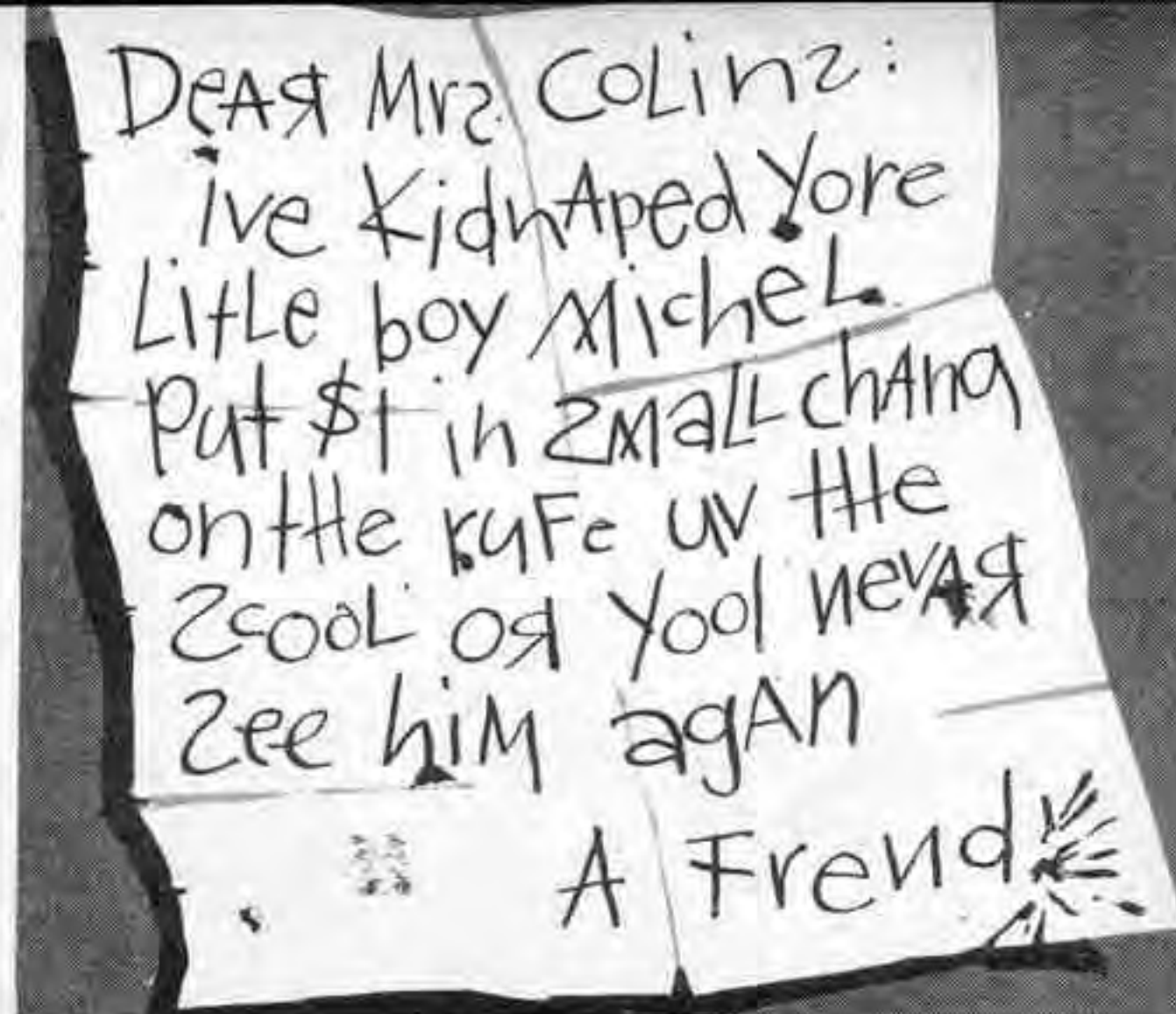
Javier Pereira, who came out of a Colombia, S.A. jungle last year to claim that he was 167 years old, will return again this year with proof. He'll bring his grandfather who'll swear to it.

FOREIGN

MANY MORE TO PLEAD THE FIFTH



Taking a lesson from their brethren in the U.S. who constantly resort to the fifth amendment ('I refuse to incriminate myself!'), many old-line communists caught in Russia's de-Stalinization purge, will start pleading the fifth commandment: "Thou shalt not kill!"



Even when she's killing someone, Rhodent is the essence of consideration and good taste. Like when she beats up little Claude Bagel and throws him off the pier. Notice how, when she hits him over the head, she takes care not to muss up his hair so that he'll look good for the funeral . . .

And what about this murder? Isn't it justified? Claude had won the penmanship medal, when by all fair standards of impartiality, Rhodent should have won it. Here is a sample of her handwriting. Judge for yourself . . .

SO RHODENT HAS A FEW BAD HABITS . . . LIKE MURDERING PEOPLE! AFTER ALL, NOBODY'S PERFECT!

And what about the time she set fire to the janitor? Didn't she lock the cellar door so the smoke wouldn't annoy the neighbors?



And how 'bout the time she pushed the old lady downstairs? Didn't she push her over backwards so she wouldn't break her glasses?



PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

Be fair. Don't these qualities point to a very charming and thoughtful child? Couldn't all children learn something from Rhodent? We ask you. Shouldn't the kiddies be permitted to see this

picture so they could learn the proper and decent way to conduct themselves? If you're with us, add your name to this petition, and don't fail to bring it to the next Parent-Teacher meeting.

PETITION

We, the undersigned, demand that "The Bad Seat" be revived, and that children be allowed to see it so they can learn a thing or two.

Leo Gorcey
King Farouk

Polly Adler
Willie Sutton
Robert Young

**Wanted . . . Mrs. Calabash, wherever she is.
—Jimmy Durante

T.V. DEPT.

MAD, the magazine that filters your reading material on the way to your brain and makes it mild, presents its own version of the popular T.V. program that's all about exciting experiences of newspaper reporters. Exciting experiences of newspaper reporters on the job, that is. Exciting experiences of newspaper reporters **off** the job would probably get this show knocked right off T.V. So here's...

BIG BIG STORY

ART AND CONTINUITY BY DON MARTIN



There was a great day ahead for you, Cub Reporter Joe Phipps. But you didn't know it when you got up that morning...



As far as you were concerned, it was just like any other morning in the life of a cub reporter...



Another morning of fighting the rush hour crowds on the way to the office of your newspaper, The Daily Poop...



Another morning of having the same old breakfast at the same old place before starting your daily column, "Insect Life in the Metropolitan Area"...



Yes, Joe Phipps, it was just like any other morning for you. You walked to the office of your newspaper... and you wondered...



You wondered if anything big would ever happen that would give you your chance . . .



Yes, Joe Phipps. That's all you ever wanted. That one chance . . . to write that really big big story!



And as you walked . . . and wondered . . . suddenly . . .
... IT HAPPENED!



And you realized at once you were into something.
SOMETHING DEEP!



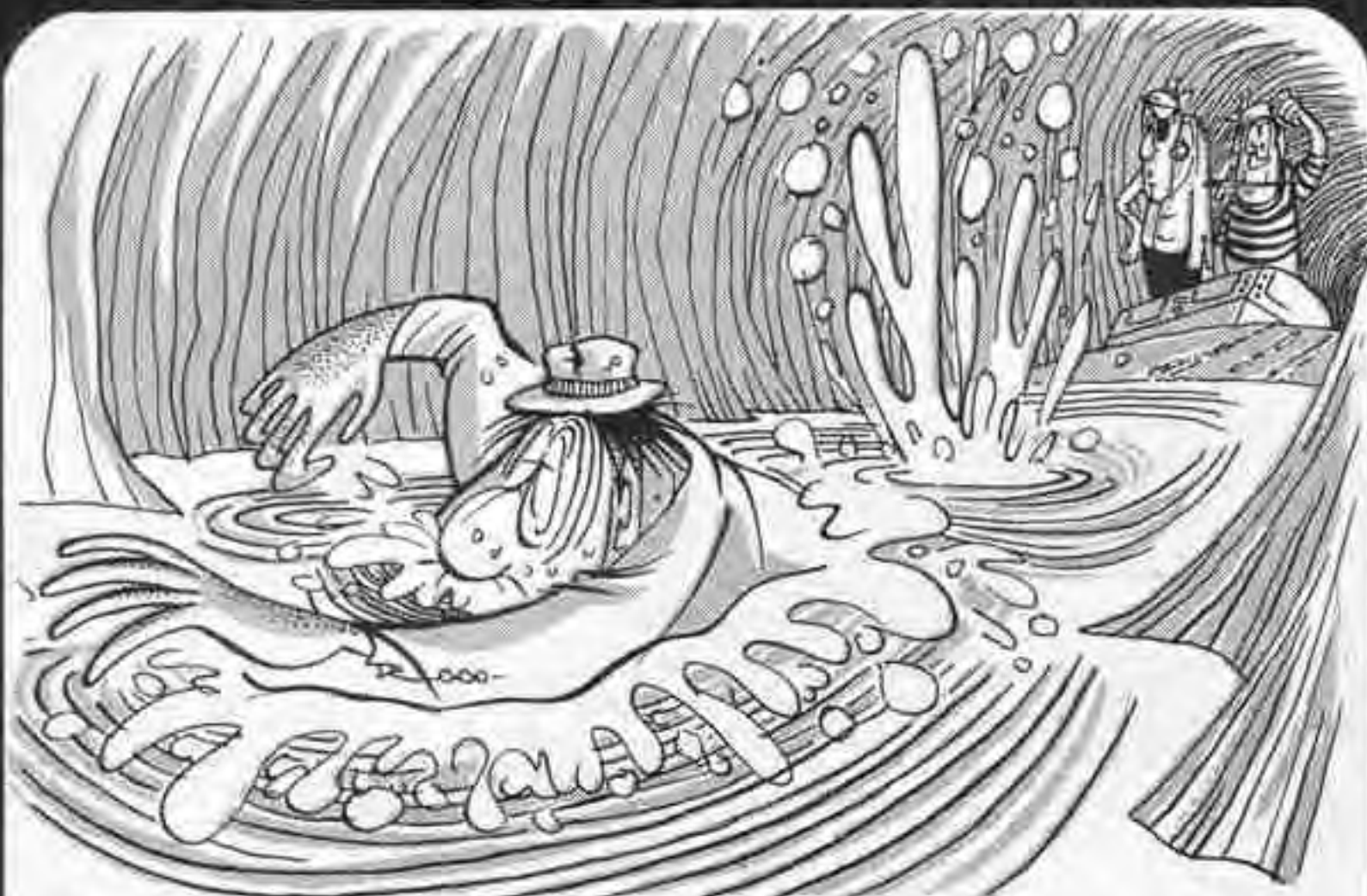
So you followed your newspaperman's instincts, Joe Phipps . . .



. . . and you found it . . . your really big big story! HIDDEN PIRATE TREASURE



... WITH HIDDEN PIRATES!



So now you had it, Joe Phipps, Cub Reporter for The Daily Poop. Now you had your story. And your direction was quite clear . . .



It was back to that old typewriter for you now, Joe Phipps. Back to write it all out . . . as you lived it . . .



You knew that your boss would be annoyed with you, Joe . . . since you were three days late...



But you ignored him. You had to get to that typewriter. You had to write that story . . .



. . . that big . . . big . . .



. . . story . . .



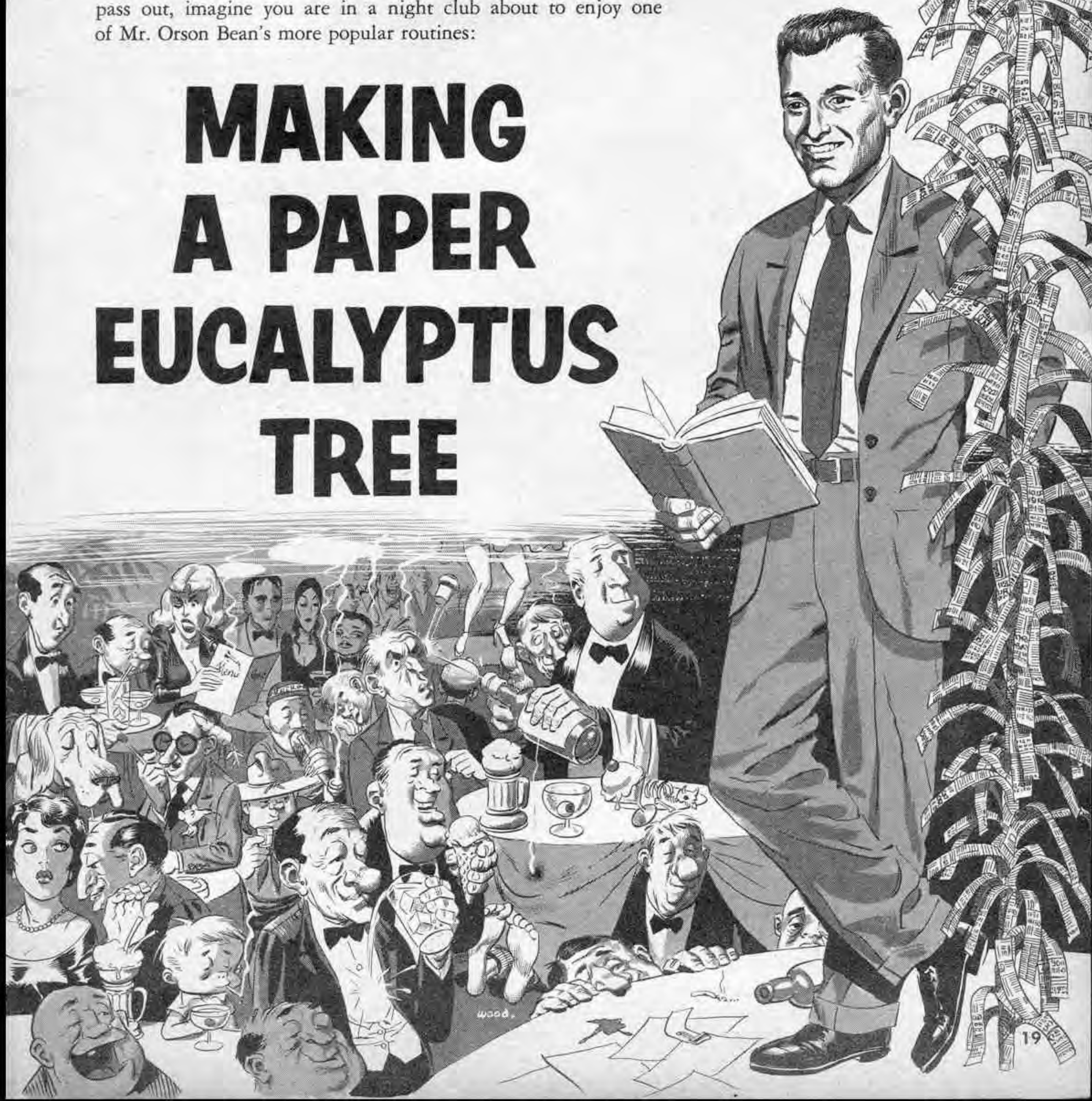
Yes, Joe Phipps, Cub Reporter for The Daily Poop, you finally made your big big story. And, as your boss said in tribute, after it was over: "I knew it would happen. I knew it would come to something like this from the day I hired him!"

ORSON BEAN DEPT.

And now, for the benefit of you readers who have never been in a night club, the editors of MAD have a big surprise for you. Neither have we, by George! However, our illustrious and talented guest, Mr. Orson Bean, has been in many night clubs. Some of these have even been careless enough to allow Mr. Bean to stay for the evening. One of these in particular, New York's swank "Blue Angel", has even been careless enough to allow Mr. Bean to perform there. And so, if you have never been in a night club, you're in for an exciting experience. Just flip an old orange crate on end, cover it with a handkerchief, turn down the lights, fill the room with stale smoke, and just before you pass out, imagine you are in a night club about to enjoy one of Mr. Orson Bean's more popular routines:

PICTURES
BY
WALLACE
WOOD

MAKING A PAPER EUCALYPTUS TREE





Here are the instructions for making a paper Eucalyptus tree, which I learned from a book given to me when I was just a little boy by Grandfather Bean, called "Every Boy's Book of Prestidigitation and Conundrums". This is a very old trick, and according to the legend, it is done with The New York Herald Tribune.



Thousands of years ago, back in the days when the Tigris-Euphrates valley was really jumping . . . not like now . . . (Well, every neighborhood runs down.) back in the days of Babylon, Assyria, Mesopotamia . . . all them old countries; they used to have orgies. Oh, nothing organized . . . just good natured, family style orgies . . . catch as catch can. Pot luck.



These orgies were held in, you'll pardon the expression, The Hanging Gardens of Babylon. And at the frenzied height of the orgy, some joker, who wanted to be the life of the orgy, would stand up and make a paper Eucalyptus tree. Well, you can imagine the excitement. Those were pretty wild times.



This is a very old trick, as I've said. I have no doubt that King Henry amused Ann Boleyn with this trick on off days, and she probably laughed her head off at it.

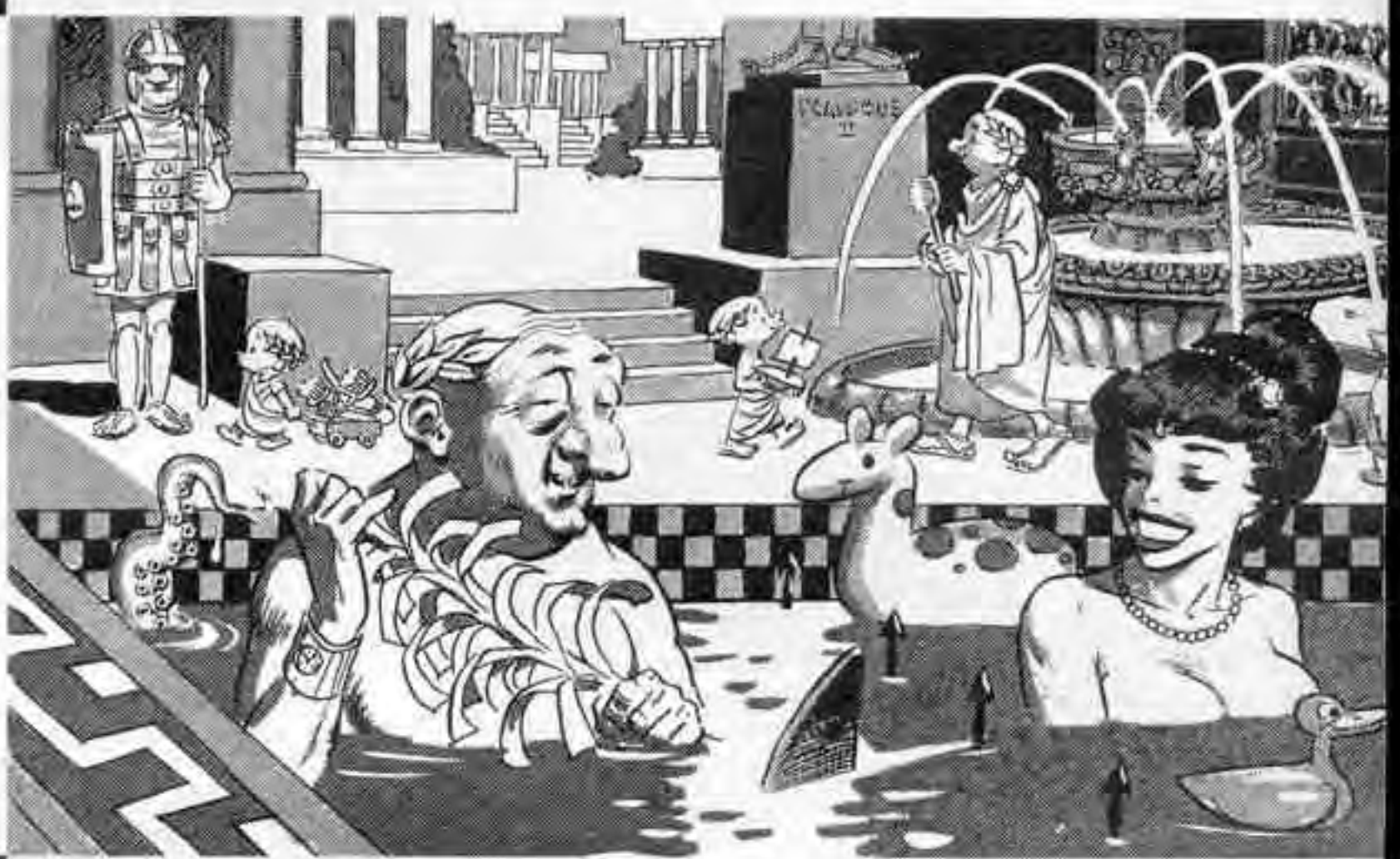




For several thousand years, the Egyptian fairies . . . er . . . Pharaohs! (The Nile was lousy with them at the time!) They used to do this trick with papyrus. And if you think it's boring *this* way . . .



Back in the days of the Roman Empire, under the reign of Marcus Ferovius . . . best remembered for founding the great mixed baths of Caracalla . . . which, when you think about it, was quite an idea . . .



. . . back in those days, the big thing in Rome, speaking in show business terms, was the Colosseum, where they threw people to the lions. This was a million laughs, and a very big attraction for out-of-towners.



However, the more sophisticated Romans . . . the "chic" set . . . those of the narrow-lapel-toga . . . they used to go over to the East side of Rome, to little intimate colosseums . . . where they threw midgets to chickens. It was a horrible way to go. Pecked to death.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



If you notice, I have been rolling these pieces of newspaper up to form a tube of some size . . .
This is a tube of some size!

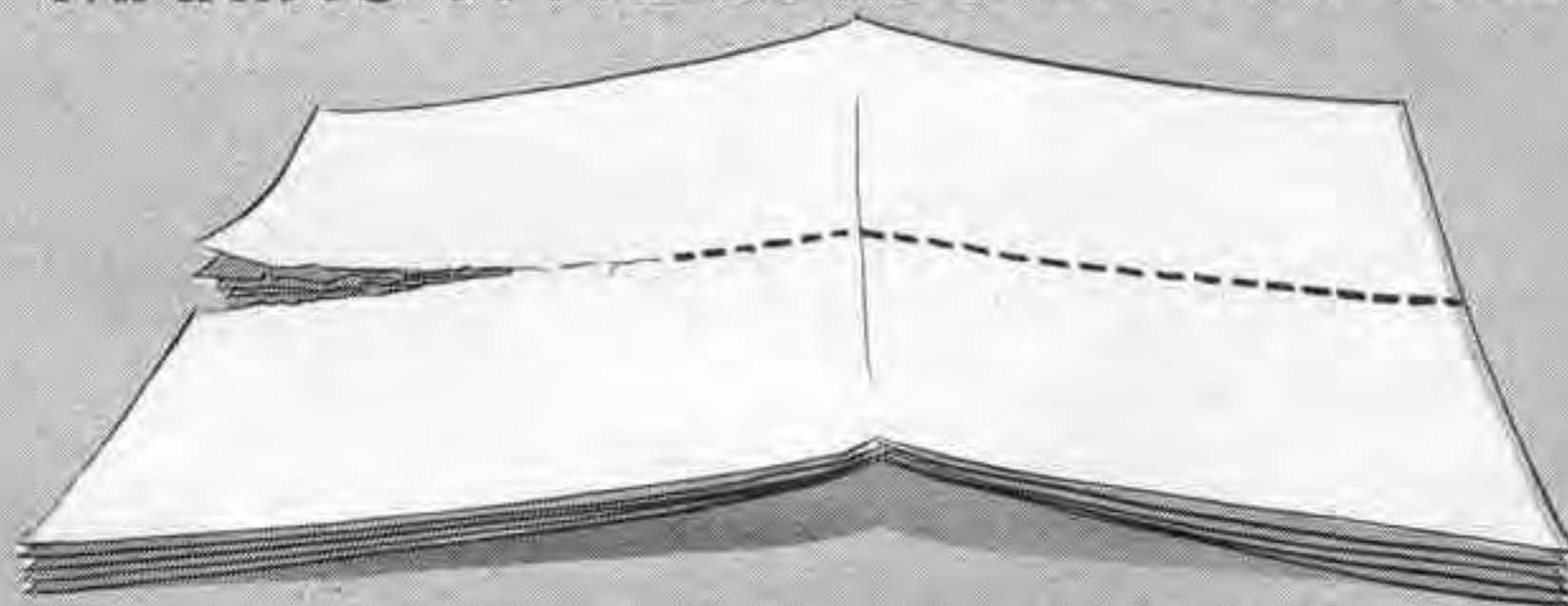


Now, we have two tears to make. The first tear goes half way down the center of the tube . . . not all the way or you have two hunks of nothing in particular . . .

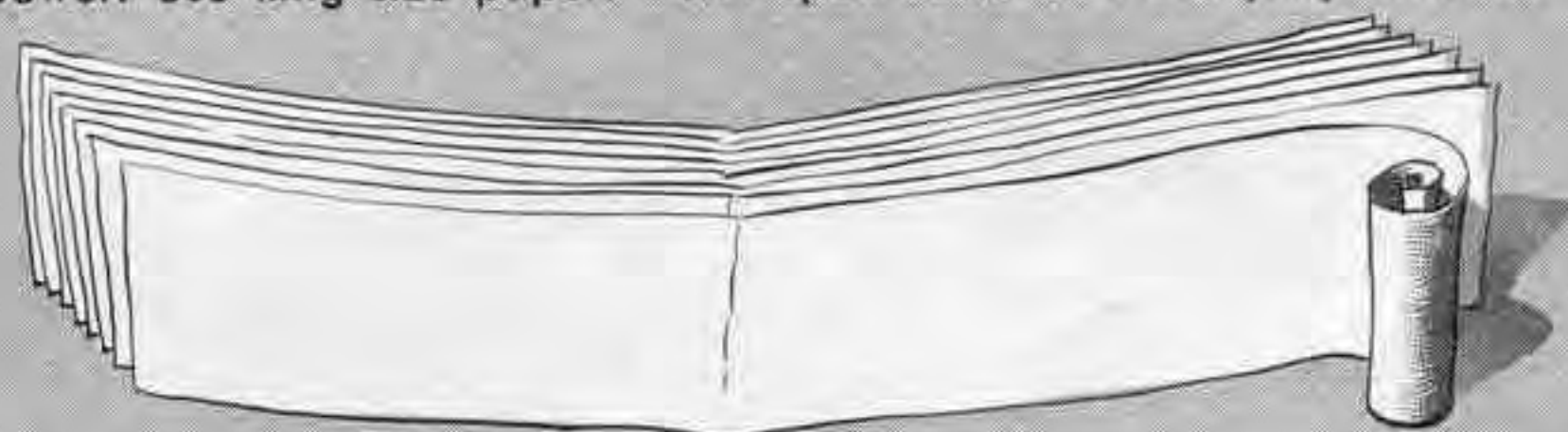


. . . now the second tear, half way down . . . then we shake briskly, look in the center of this foliage, pull straight up from the center and we have a paper eucalyptus tree. Well, by George, I do have a green thumb. A PAPER EUCALYPTUS TREE!

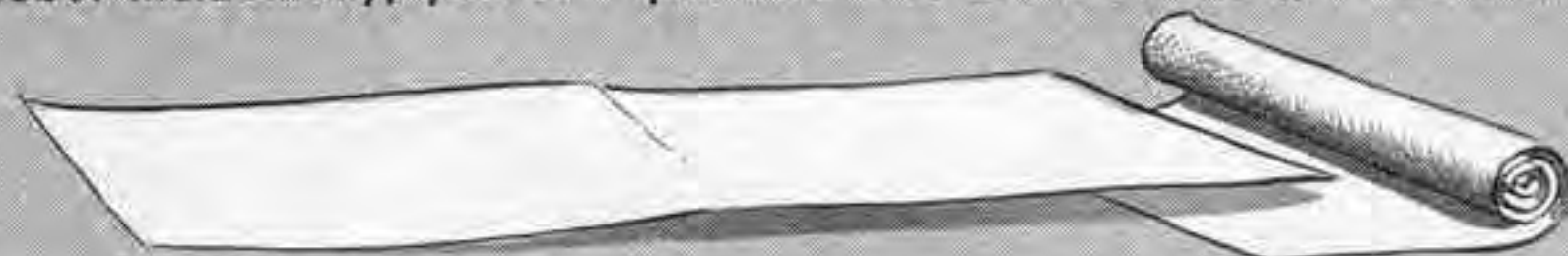
INSTRUCTION MANUAL FOR MAKING A PAPER EUCALYPTUS TREE



Tear a newspaper in half. This in itself will give you a feeling of power. Use king size paper. Don't spoil some of those juicy tabloids.



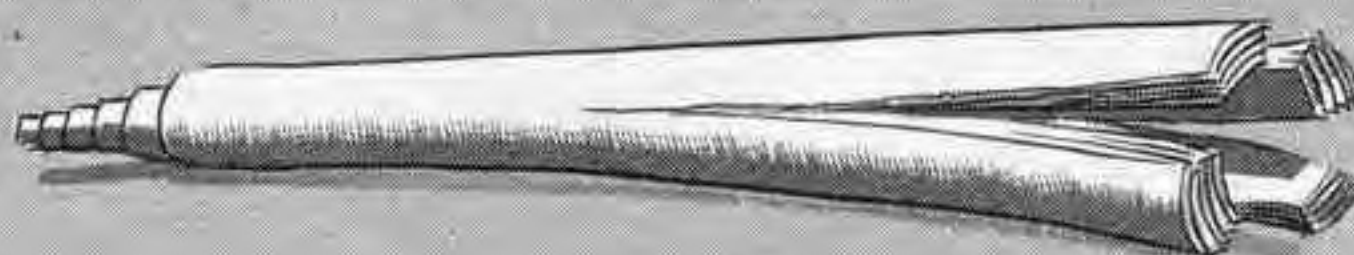
Use six or eight pieces. Start rolling first strip lengthwise to form tube. Incidentally, you can quit here and use result as spit-ball blower.



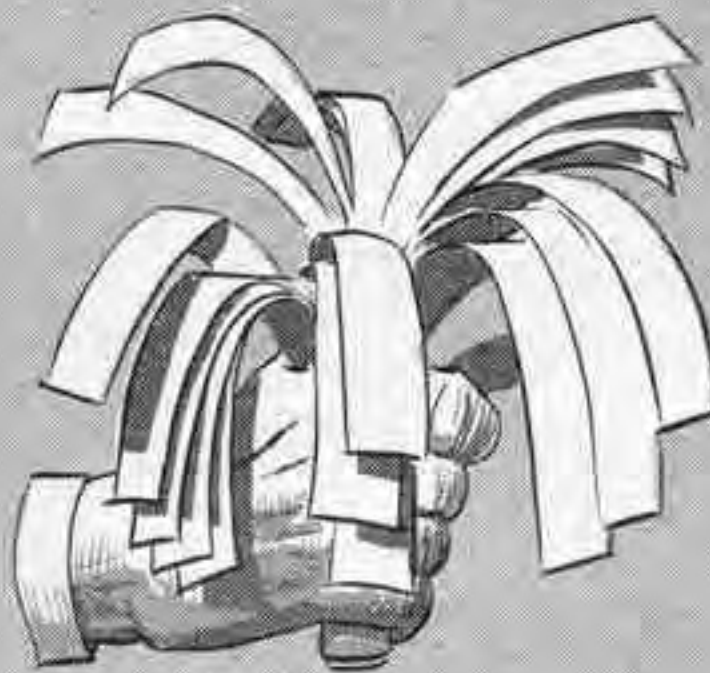
However, if you decide to go on, keep rolling up remaining pieces length wise to form fatter tube, overlapping end of each piece about 6 inches.



Now tear finished tube halfway down. You'll find this impossible, so before you try, telescope the tube out a little at the end. Then tear.



Flatten halves of tube and again tear halfway down so you end up quartering tube. If you're beginning to feel stupid, think what you look like!



Now shake the half-way-down-quartered tube briskly so all the little pieces flap freely. Not too hard, idiots, or they'll flap right off!

Now flap the lower lip. This will attract attention for the finale. Ready? Stick your finger in center of the whole fershlugginer mess, and pull up slowly. (Oh well, you might as well try it again . . .)

AWARDS DEPT.



MAD'S ADVERTISING AWARD

goes to the most nauseating

T.V. COMMERCIAL OF 1956

THE ROLLY CIGARETTE AD

PICTURES BY MORT DRUCKER



POINT OF VIEW DEPT.

THE IDEAL

as seen by the various

TRUE ROMANCES



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



EXCITING COMICS



THE REAL

who reads them various

TRUE ROMANCES



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



EXCITING COMICS



WOMAN

types magazines like . . .

VOGUE



ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION



ESQUIRE



PICTURES BY KELLY FREAS

WOMAN

type magazines like . . .

VOGUE



ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION



ESQUIRE

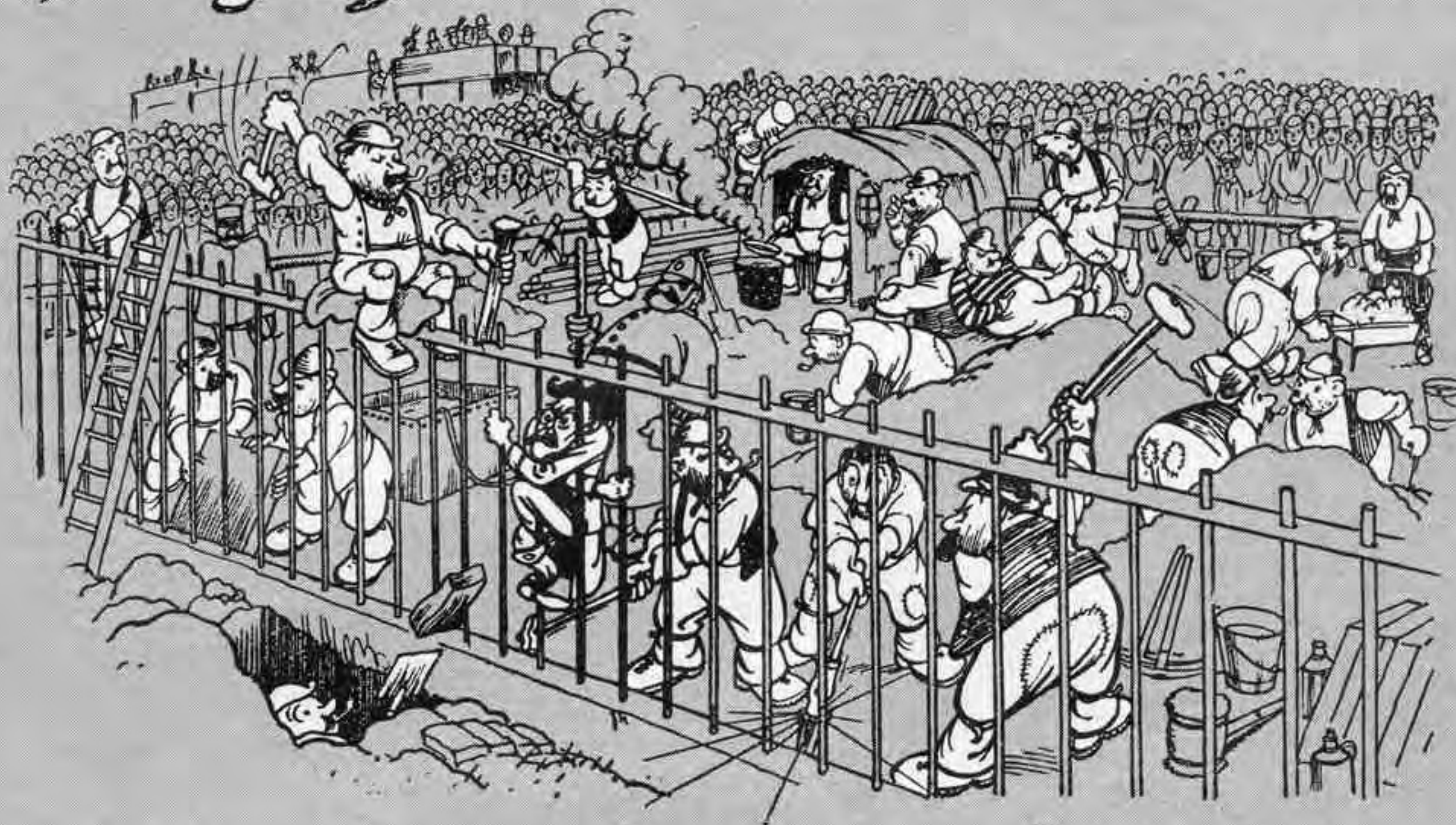


RARE OLD CARTOONS DEPT.

We were strolling through Union Square the other day when we happened to pass one of those rabble-rousing soap-box orators who was having some success at inciting a small crowd of angry followers. And we started to laugh out loud, because he suddenly reminded us of a very funny old cartoon by the famous Punch artist, Henry Mayo Bateman. So here is the cartoon exactly as it appeared in 1917. Our publisher still thinks we should have printed our hospital bill instead . . . the one we paid after that small crowd of angry followers beat us up for laughing out loud. He thinks it's much, much funnier.

"PRISONER, WHEN ARRESTED, CLUNG TO THE RAILINGS."





***Wanted... a new use for coal.
—John L. Lewis

SWEATSHIRT DEPT.

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO

In the old days, sports magazines were edited by the "Gas House" crowd, and those guys were rough and tough. So their sports magazines were rough and tough too, with plenty of slam-bang articles and action pictures. Like this:

SLAM-BANG ACTION SPORTS

TWO BITS

**More GUTS
in Guts Football**

by Moose Cowznofski

**DEATH Rode Beside Me
At INDIANAPOLIS**

by Speedy Gonzales

**Speedy, Me,
and the 500**

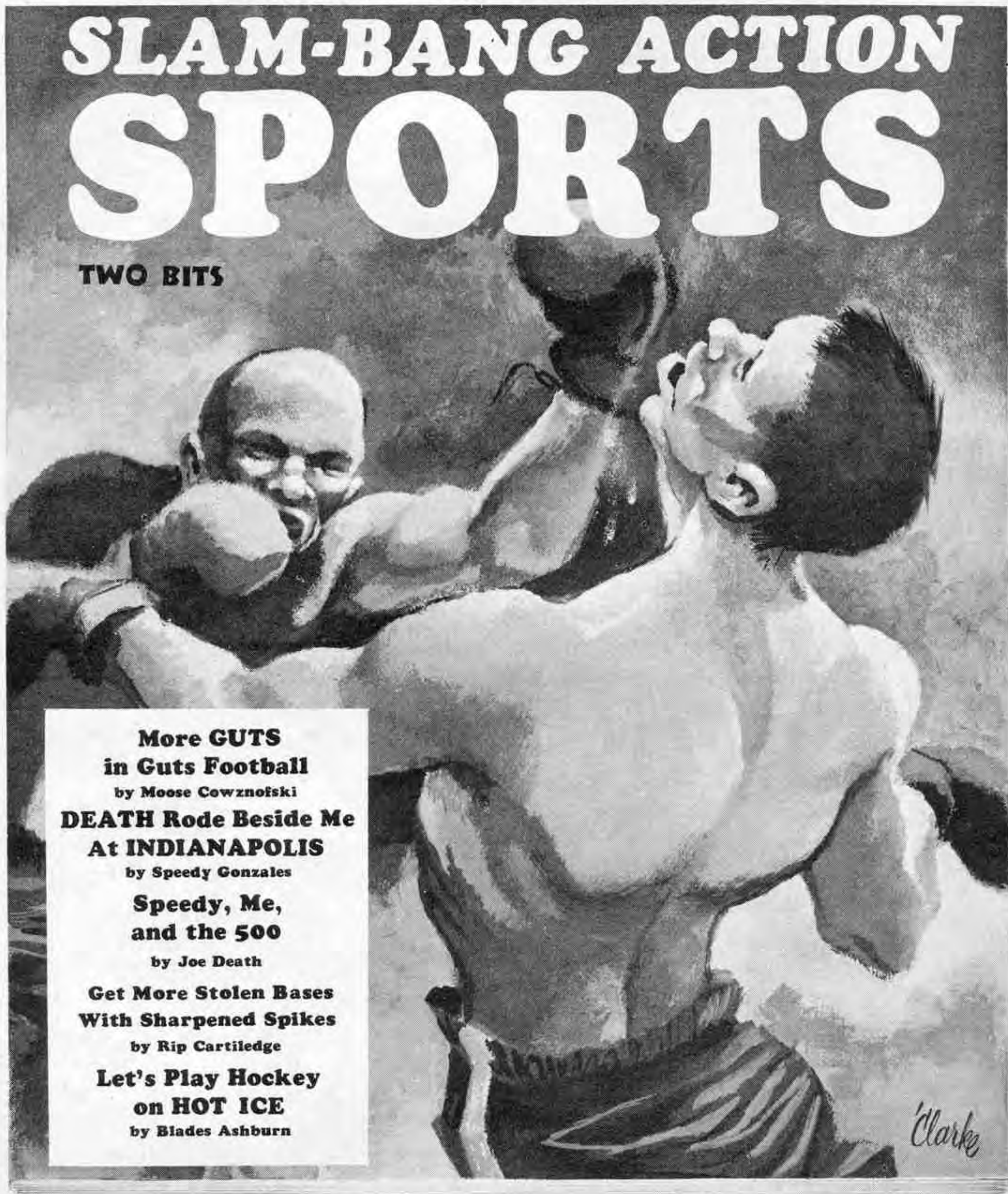
by Joe Death

**Get More Stolen Bases
With Sharpened Spikes**

by Rip Cartledge

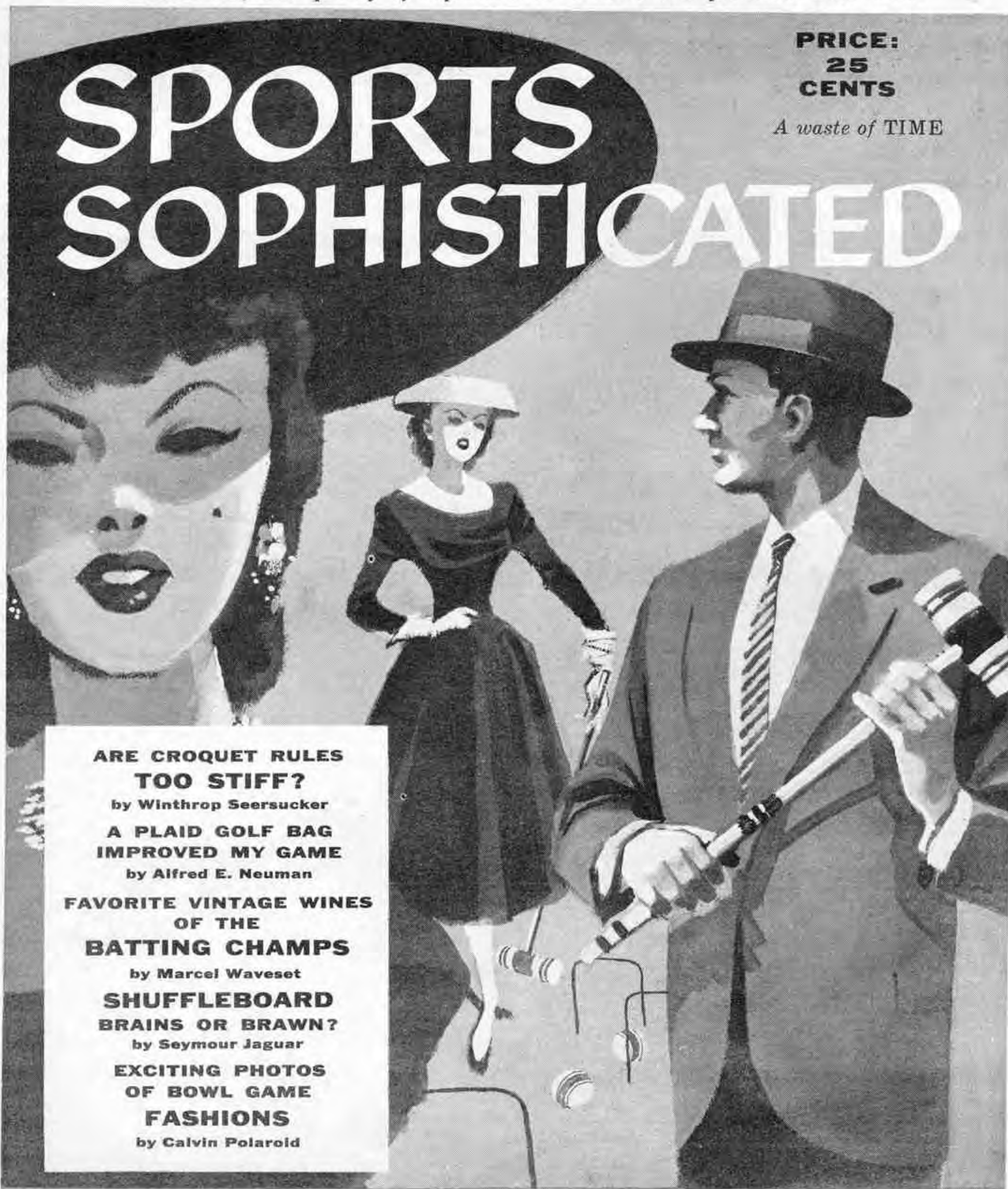
**Let's Play Hockey
on HOT ICE**

by Blades Ashburn



SPORTS MAGAZINES?

Nowadays, sports magazines are edited by the "Madison Avenue" crowd, and those guys are slick and smooth. So their sports magazines are slick and smooth too, with plenty of sophisticated articles and pictures. Like this:



**PRICE:
25
CENTS**

A waste of TIME

SPORTS SOPHISTICATED

**ARE CROQUET RULES
TOO STIFF?**
by Winthrop Seersucker

**A PLAID GOLF BAG
IMPROVED MY GAME**
by Alfred E. Neuman

**FAVORITE VINTAGE WINES
OF THE
BATting CHAMPS**
by Marcel Waveset

**SHUFFLEBOARD
BRAINS OR BRAWN?**
by Seymour Jaguar

**EXCITING PHOTOS
OF BOWL GAME
FASHIONS**
by Calvin Polaroid

Let's take a star baseball player. Here's how they would have done an article about him in the old days:

SLAM-BANG ACTION SPORTS NOMINATES

DUKE SNYDER

AS THE BEST PLAYER OF THE YEAR

As Duke Snyder rests up for the eleventh season with his Brooklyn outfit, brother, his amazing record stands as a tribute to his fabulous talent. Duke has given baseball almost everything he's got. His driving career is a credit to the sport.



CLOSE-UP OF DUKE SNYDER'S HANDS

The hands that, game after game last season, shook Ebbet's Field with sensational single, double, and triple base hits . . .

MAGIC EYE CAMERA CATCHES SNYDER'S SUPERB BATTING FORM



At plate, during last inning of season, magic eye camera shows clearly how Duke eyes

medium-high pitch, and with turning motion, ends up with all his meat behind ball.

After crucial game, Snyder's home run sets off gay dressing room salutes from Hodges, Robinson and Reese . . .



DUKE BELTS 43

A CHART OF VITAL FACTS AND FIGURES

YEAR	AT BAT	HITS	H.R.	R.B.I.	PCT.
1952	534	162	21	92	.303
1953	590	198	42	126	.336
1954	199	584	130	40	.341
1955	538	166	42	.309	136
1956	.292	158	43	101	542

Now, let's take the same star baseball player. Here's how they would do an article about him nowadays:

SPORTS SOPHISTICATED NOMINATES EDWIN DONALD 'DUKE' SNYDER AS BEST-DRESSED MAN OF THE YEAR

As Mr. Edwin Donald Snyder dresses up for the eleventh season with his Brooks Brothers' outfits, his amazing wardrobe stands as a tribute to his fabulous taste. Baseball has given Mr. Snyder almost everything he's got. A sports car he's driving is his 'on credit.



CLOSE-UP OF EDWIN SNYDER'S HANDS

The hands that, after every game at Ebbet's Field last season, shook sensational single, double and triple martinis...

MAGIC EYE CAMERA CATCHES SNYDER'S SUPPER BARBECUE FORM



With plate, during last outing of season, magic eye camera shows clearly how Mr.



Snyder fries medium-done steak and with turn-over motion, ends up with meat ball.

After crucial game, Mr. Snyder runs home, shows off dressing room of gray suits from Hart, Schaffner and Marx...



DUKE'S BELTS, 43

A CHART OF VITAL FIGURE FACTS

1956	BELTS		SHOES		SUITS		SHIRTS		BERMUDA SHORTS	
COLOR	NO.	SIZE	NO.	SIZE	NO.	SIZE	NO.	SIZE	NO.	SIZE
BLUE	1	34	2	12	2	44	9	¹⁶ / ₃₄	1	34
GRAY	1	34			2	44	2	¹⁶ / ₃₄	1	34
YELLOW	40	32	4	11	3	42	12	¹⁴ / ₃₆	40	32
ALLIGATOR	1	34	3	12	1	44	1	¹⁶ / ₃₄	1	34

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

NOSTALGIA DEPT.

The other day, we accidentally steamed open some letters to our "Chicken-Flicking Editor", Alfred E. Neuman, which aroused our curiosity. So we barged into his office and asked about their authors while dodging chicken-flickings Mr. Neuman flung at us for having the nerve to invade his privacy.

(Seems we'd barged in while Alfred was working on the new office chicken!) After calming down, Alfred's curiosity became aroused too, and he dug up other missives he'd collected over the years from these very same people. Here, then, is a brief History-in-Writing of Alfred E. Neuman's...

P.S. 49

To Alfred -
Keep plugging! 6/12/45
Remember -
"A penny saved
is a penny earned!"
Your friend,
John

POTRZEBIE JUNIOR HIGH

To Alfred - 6/16/45
May your dreams of
the future become a
reality! Remember -
"Money makes the man -
if the man makes money!"
Your friend,
John

P.S. 49

Dated Forever
Dear Alf,
Roses are red, violets are blue,
You are for me and I'm for
you!
2 | cute
2 | be
4 | got 10
your sis grad-U-8
"Babe"

POTRZEBIE JUNIOR HIGH

Dearest Al, June 16, 1945
There are tulips in the garden,
There are tulips in the park.
But the tulips I like most
Are two lips in the dark!!!
And you know whose-
Love, Bobby

P.S. 49

JUNE 12, 1942
To ALF -
WE MAID IT, KID!
GUD LUCK!
BOB
(ALIAS "THE SHLEP")

POTRZEBIE JUNIOR HIGH

JUNE 16, 1945
To ALF -
IF HIGH SCHOOL IS AS
TUFF AS THIS WAZ -
BOY!!
GUD LUCK!
BOB
(ALIAS "STOOP")

CHILDHOOD CHUMS

FURSHLUGGINER HIGH



JOHNATHAN GORDON

Arista, Economics Medal,
Gold Scholarship Cert., De-
bating Team, Math Team,
Science Club, Treas. G.O.,
Most Likely to Succeed,
Freshman Class Adv., All-City
V.I.P., L.S., M.F.T.

*Alfred -
Good luck!
Remember -
"Money talks!"
Your friend,
John*

THE OTHER DAY...

Inmates may write on one side of paper only.

ALCATRAZ FEDERAL PRISON



*Dear Alf, Old Pal,
I've learned the hard way
that "Money is the root of all evil!"
Yes, sir!
And speaking of money, Alf,
Old Pal, I was wondering if you'd*

FURSHLUGGINER HIGH



BARBARA BRIDGEWOOD

Gold Service Cert., Pres.
Home Economics Club, Capt.
Cooking Team, Sewing Club,
Home Management Club
Sec'y, Freshman Class Adv.

*My Darling -
Of school days this is the
end, but for us, it's just
the beginning -
With my Eternal love,
"Snookums"*

THE OTHER DAY...

Eden Roc Hotel MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

The Queen Victoria Suite

Dec. 7, 1956

Dear Alfred:-

I hope that this letter finds you in good health, and over your recent illness. I assume that you have had a recent illness, because I cannot think of any other reason why my alimony check is so late.

However, just in case, I have notified my lawyer in N.Y., and he will be calling on you. So get it up, you no-good cheap-

FURSHLUGGINER HIGH



ROBERT MILTOWN

Blackboard Squad

JUNE 14, 48

*TO ALF -
I NEVER THOUGHT
I'D LIVE TO SEE THE
DAY!*

*WE'RE OUT KID!
GUD LUCK
BOB
(THE SHMO)*

THE OTHER DAY...

GENERAL MOTORS CORP.

Executive Offices

DEC. 4, 1956

DERE ALF -

*HOW ARE YOU? I AM FINE!
I WAZ JUST ELECTED CHAIRMAN
OF THE BOARD HERE AT GENEREL
MOTORS. SEE, POP LEFT ME
THIS BIG BLOCK OF STOCK. SO
I STARTED BUYING MORE. AND SOON*

OVERTAXED SEATING CAPACITY DEPT.

MOVIES are LONGER than EVER

++Wanted... one sliced Whole Wheat, one Manischewitz port, one pretty girl.
—Omar Khayyam

Hollywood has gone from Cinemascope width to Catastrophic length in a desperate attempt to boost sagging attendance grosses. Today, a movie script isn't bought on the basis of story, it's bought on the basis of weight. Box offices have taken to selling box lunches along with the tickets. Concessionaires are now offering liniment, aspirin, and other muscular pain-relievers along with the candy and popcorn.

Today, a "stiff" doesn't describe a movie, it describes a

moviegoer. One theatre we know has even hired a resident Chiropractor. Drive-in Movie operators, who rely on the dark of night for exhibiting Hollywood's latest epics, have begun to worry about the sun coming up before the show's over.

The purpose of this article is to present reviews of these latest "long-run" hits, and in keeping with MAD's anti-social policy, just because these pictures are the *longest* ever, we're gonna make these reviews the *shortest* ever!

GIANT

Running Time: 3 hours, 18 minutes.



When Bick Benedict, millionaire ranchowner, brings Leslie Lynnton, millionaire's daughter, back home as his wife, anger develops. Millionaire sister, Luz Benedict, is angry over Leslie's control of the household. Millionaire neighbor, Vashti Snythe, is angry over

Bick's not marrying her. And cowhand, Jett Rink, is angry because he's the only one who ain't a millionaire. Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, James Dean, and Jane Withers take on age in this picture without the use of make-up. So does the audience.

WAR AND PEACE

Running Time: 3 hours, 28 minutes.



In a spectacular adaptation of Leo Tolstoy's vast novel, *War and Peace*, which contains 67 main characters who are impossible to keep track of, Hollywood has come up with a simplified version, cutting down drastically to only 17 characters who fall in love,

fall out of love, go to war, come back from war, and are still impossible to keep track of. Highlights of this extravaganza include several exciting war scenes like Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, and several exciting peace scenes like Anita Ekberg.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

Running Time: 3 hours, 41 minutes.



In an attempt to make this his crowning achievement, Cecil B. DeMille has used up more actors, more costumes, more animals, more sets, and mainly more money than ever before, filming this spectacular screenplay of a story he got for free. There are two

high points of this biblical pageant. The first comes near the end, when Moses leads the weary, harassed, desperate Israelites out of Egypt. The second comes after the end, when Ushers lead the weary, harassed, desperate audience out of the theatre.

AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

We had originally intended to do a review of Mike Todd's "Around the World in Eighty Days" for this article, but the title scared us off. *The Editors.*



TOM LEHRER DEPT.

TOM LEHRER SINGS

MR. TOM LEHRER

And now, MAD presents the words and music to one of Tom Lehrer's inimitable songs, in spite of widespread popular demand for its suppression, primarily for the benefit of a small but diminishing group of admirers of his dubious talents . . . talents which have been on display for several years at functions, orgies, and divers festive occasions around Harvard University where he was in attendance until June, 1953, as an undergraduate, graduate student, and teacher of mathematics. A few television and night club appearances have also been part of his infamous career. Some of his songs, which have been revolting local audiences for years, are now available in his song book* and on his LP record**, and it is no wonder that a great deal of public apathy has been stirred up by the prospect. For those who are unfamiliar with the details of his sordid life, brought so vividly to the screen in *Quo Vadis*, we offer a brief biographical note:

Tom Lehrer, longtime exponent of the *dérrière-garde* in American music, is an entirely mythical figure, a figment of his parents' warped imagination. He was raised by a yak, by whom he was always treated as one of the family, and ever since he was old enough to eat with the grownups, he has been merely the front for a vast international syndicate of ne'er-do-wells. But enough of Lehrer the artist. What of

Lehrer, the *bon vivant*, man about town, and idol of three continents (and Madagascar, where half a million gibbering natives think he is God)? At last report, he had been uprooted from his home in Cambridge, Mass., where he'd earned a precarious living peddling dope to the local school children and rolling an occasional drunk, and summoned into the service of his country, namely entertaining the brass. It will be some time before Mr. Lehrer can return to his shrunken head collection, his Nobel Prizes, and his memories.

This particular song is reprinted from his song book. As Al Capp writes in its introduction: "*The advantage of Tom Lehrer's song book over his record album is that you are spared his voice. Not that his is an unpleasant voice. It is an offended voice. And this is not surprising, for his is an offended spirit. He is offended by ideas that we have accepted unquestioningly all our lives, perhaps with secret misgivings, but without protest. With his songs, Tom Lehrer protests. And that is not surprising either, because, since he was a student and a teacher at Harvard when these songs were written, he hadn't much else to do.*"

This song is a 20th Century cowboy ballad about the wonders of the present day Wild West, as described by the few news stories that penetrate to the East.

THE WILD WEST IS WHERE I WANT TO BE

A--long the trail you'll find me lopin',
Where the spaces are wide open,
In the land of the old A.E.C. (Ya-hoo)

Where the scenery's attractive
And the air is radioactive,
Oh the Wild West is where I want to be!



**Wanted . . . building site in a low-rent district.
—Robert Hall



'Mid the sagebrush and the cactus
I'll watch the fellers practice
Droppin' bombs through the clean desert breeze.
(Ya-hoo!)

PICTURES BY GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

I will leave the city's rush,
Leave the fancy and the plush,
Leave the snow and leave the slush,
And the crowds.



'Mid the yuccas and the thistles
I'll watch the guided missiles,
While the old F.B.I. watches me. (Ya-Hoo!)



I'll have on my sombrero
And of course I'll wear a pair o'
Levis over my lead B.V.D.'s.

I will seek the desert's hush,
Where the scenery is lush,
How I long to see the mush--
room clouds.



Yes, I'll soon make my appearance,
(Soon as I can get my clearance)
'Cause the Wild West is where I want to be.



The Wild West is Where I Want to Be

Words and Music by

TOM LEHRER

Moderately, with feeling.

B♭7+ Eb6 Ab

A-long the trail you'll find me lop-in', Where the spaces are wide

Ab C7 F7

o-pen, In the land of the old A. E. C.

B♭7 Eb Eb7 Ab

Where the scen-er-y's at-trac-tive And the air is ra-di-o-

F7 B♭7 Eb Edim.

ac-tive, Oh the wild west is where I want to be.

B♭7 Eb6 Ab

'Mid the sagebrush and the cac-tus I'll watch the fel-lers

Ab C7 F7

prac-tice Drop-pin' bombs through the clean de-sert breeze.

B♭7 Eb Eb7 Ab

I'll have on my som-bre-ro And of course I'll wear a

F7 B♭7 Eb Ab

pair o' Le-vis o-ver my lead B. V. D's.

Ab Eb7 Ab Bbm

I will leave the cit-y's rush, Leave the fan-cy and the

C7 Fm7 Eb7 Eb Eb7

plush, Leave the snow and leave the slush, And the crowds.

Ab Bbm

I will seek the de-sert's hush, Where the scen-er-y is

C7 F7 B♭7

lush, How I long to see the mush-room clouds.

Ab6 A

'Mid the yuc-cas and the this-tles I'll watch the gund-ed

Ab C7 F7

mis-siles, While the old F. B. I. watch-es me.

B♭7 Eb Eb7 Ab

Yes, I'll soon make my ap-pear-ance (Soon as I can get my

F7 B♭7 Eb Ab Eb

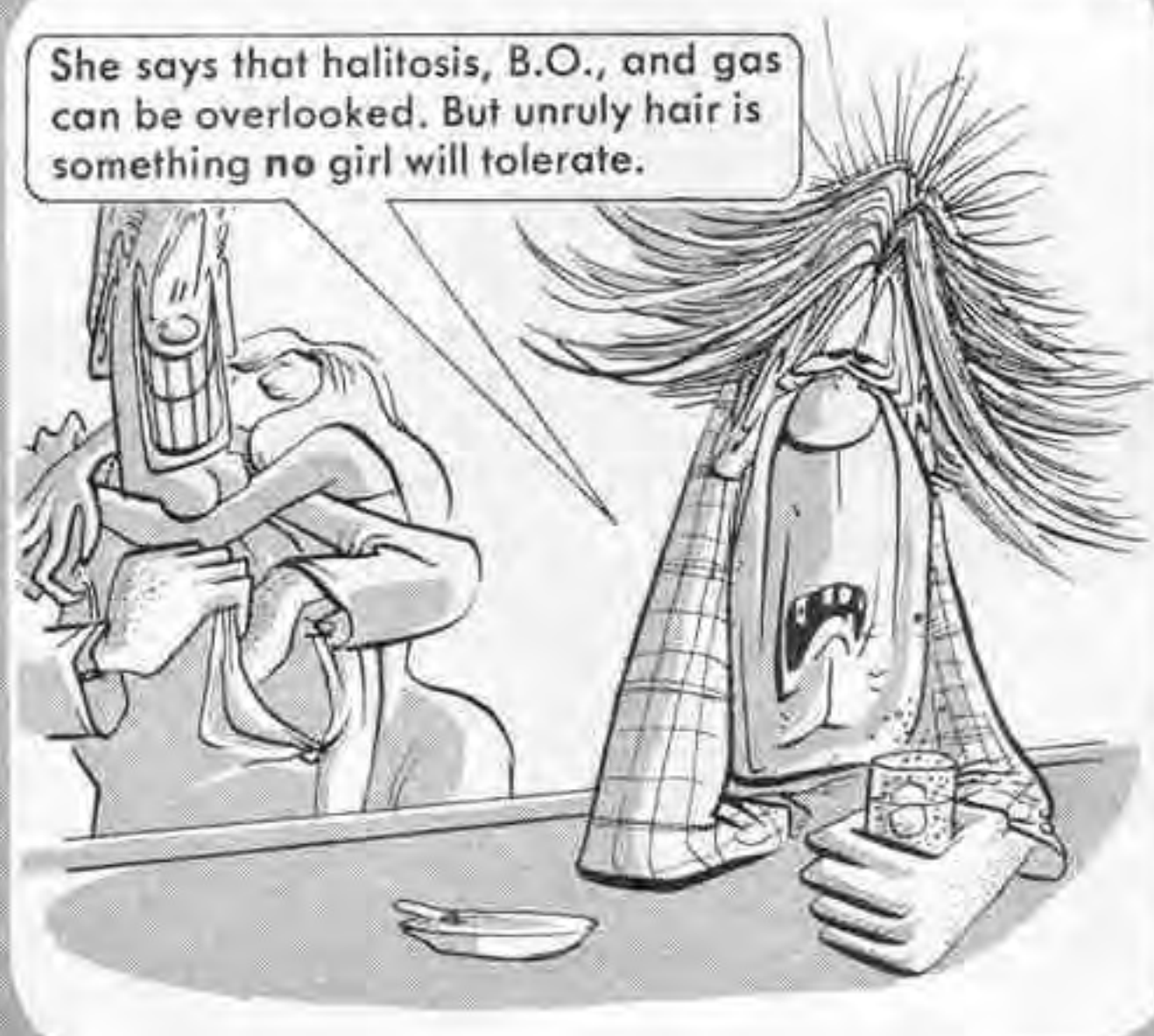
clear-ance) 'Cause the wild west is where I want to be.

*"The Tom Lehrer Song Book", copyright 1952, 1953, 1954 by Tom Lehrer, published by Crown Publishers, Inc. 419 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.
 **"Songs by Tom Lehrer" LP record, available at most record shops or by mail from Tom Lehrer, Post Office Box 121, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts.



It's time for the commercial, gang, so here we go with another example of how Madison Avenue will probably overdo a good thing like the "Harry and Bert Piel" commercials, with this sample story board of a . . .

FUTURE TV AD





Why, that's the most amazing hair tonic I ever drank!

That's because you mixed it with this, Charlie! Schveppes Activated Sparkling Seltzer! Any drink is amazing when it's mixed with **SCHVEPPES!**



Why, I wouldn't drink my Hair Tonic with any other mixer but **SCHVEPPES!**

It goes great with **STERNO**, too!

Remember: **SCHVEPPES** is activated!



JEAN SHEPHERD DEPT.

Mr. Jean Shepherd, W O R Disc-Jockey, made front page news recently when his candid remarks enraged network officials and he was suddenly fired from his all-night spot. But then, just as suddenly, he was rehired by these same embarrassed network officials when the uproar from his irate fans reached riotous proportions. Recently, we trapped Mr. Shepherd in the MAD offices, free from the restraining influences of sponsors and network brass, in order to tape-record the following article. So here then, faithfully transcribed, are Mr. Shepherd's off-the-cuff remarks concerning . . .



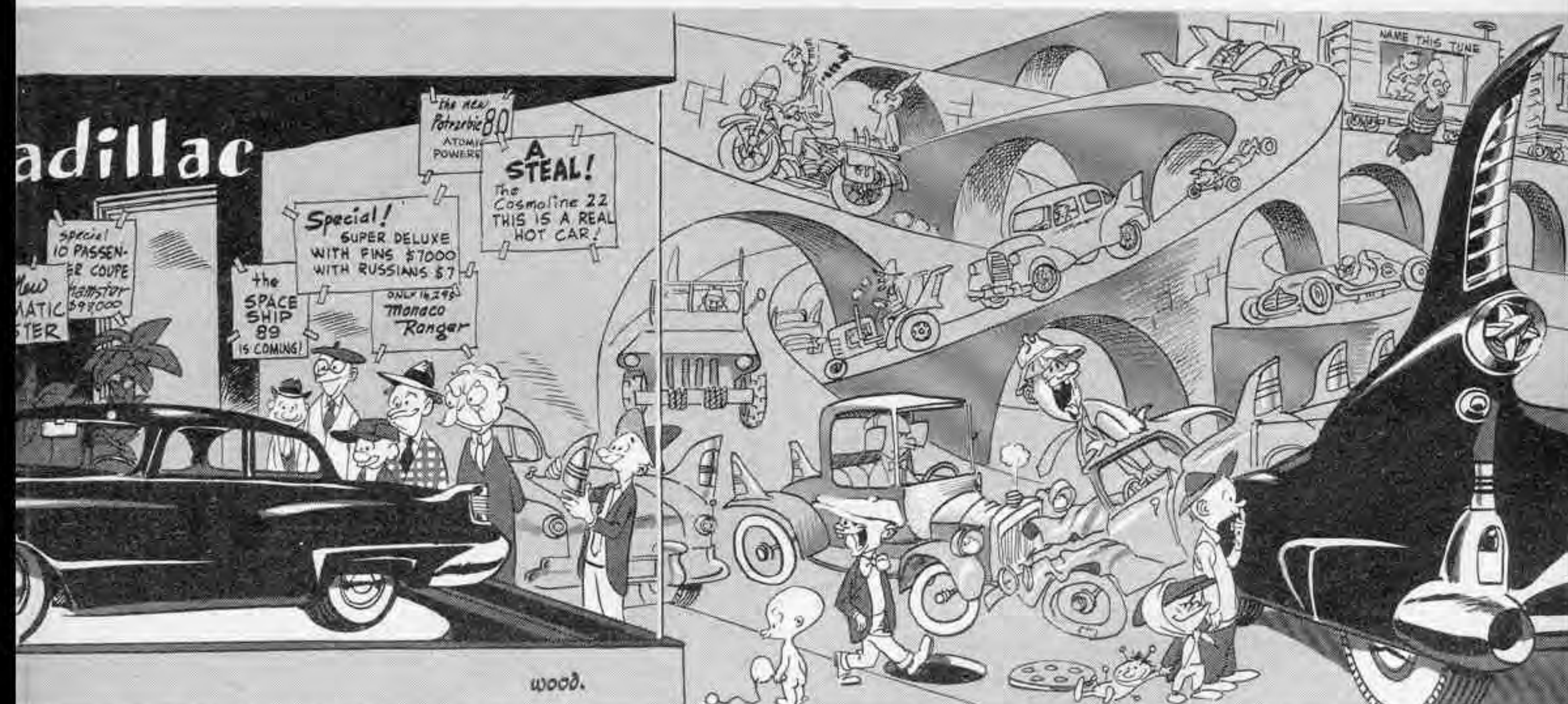
MR. JEAN SHEPHERD

The Night People vs. "Creeping Meatballism"

IN THE LANGUAGE OF "DAY PEOPLE", I suppose "Night People" may be called many things. Like "soreheads", "wise-guys", "eggheads", "long-hairs", "outsiders", etc. Whatever they're called, the fact remains they're a genuine phenomenon. They're the people who refuse to be taken in by the "Day World" philosophy of "Creeping Meatballism".

The average person today thinks in certain prescribed patterns. People today have a genuine fear of stepping out and thinking on their own. "Creeping Meatballism" is this rejection of individuality. It's conformity. The American brags about being a great individualist, when actually he's

the world's *least* individual person. The idea of thinking individually has become a big joke. Old Thomas J. Watson of I.B.M. came up with the idea for a sign which just said: "Think". And today, it's a *gag*! This is the result of "Creeping Meatballism". The guy who has been taken in by the "Meatball" philosophy is the guy who really believes that contemporary people are slim, and clean-limbed, and they're so much fun to be with . . . because they drink Pepsi-Cola. As long as he believes this, he's in the clutches of "Creeping Meatballism". He's a "Day People". Let me give you some examples of "Creeping Meatballism" at work . . .



WE'LL TAKE SOMETHING THAT'S artistically interesting, and then, because we like it, we'll overdo it ten times, thereby destroying it. Like for example when Cadillac first came out with those little tail fins. Everybody thought it was great. Guys with Chevies and Pontiacs went out and bought phony tail fins which they tagged on, and all the car manu-

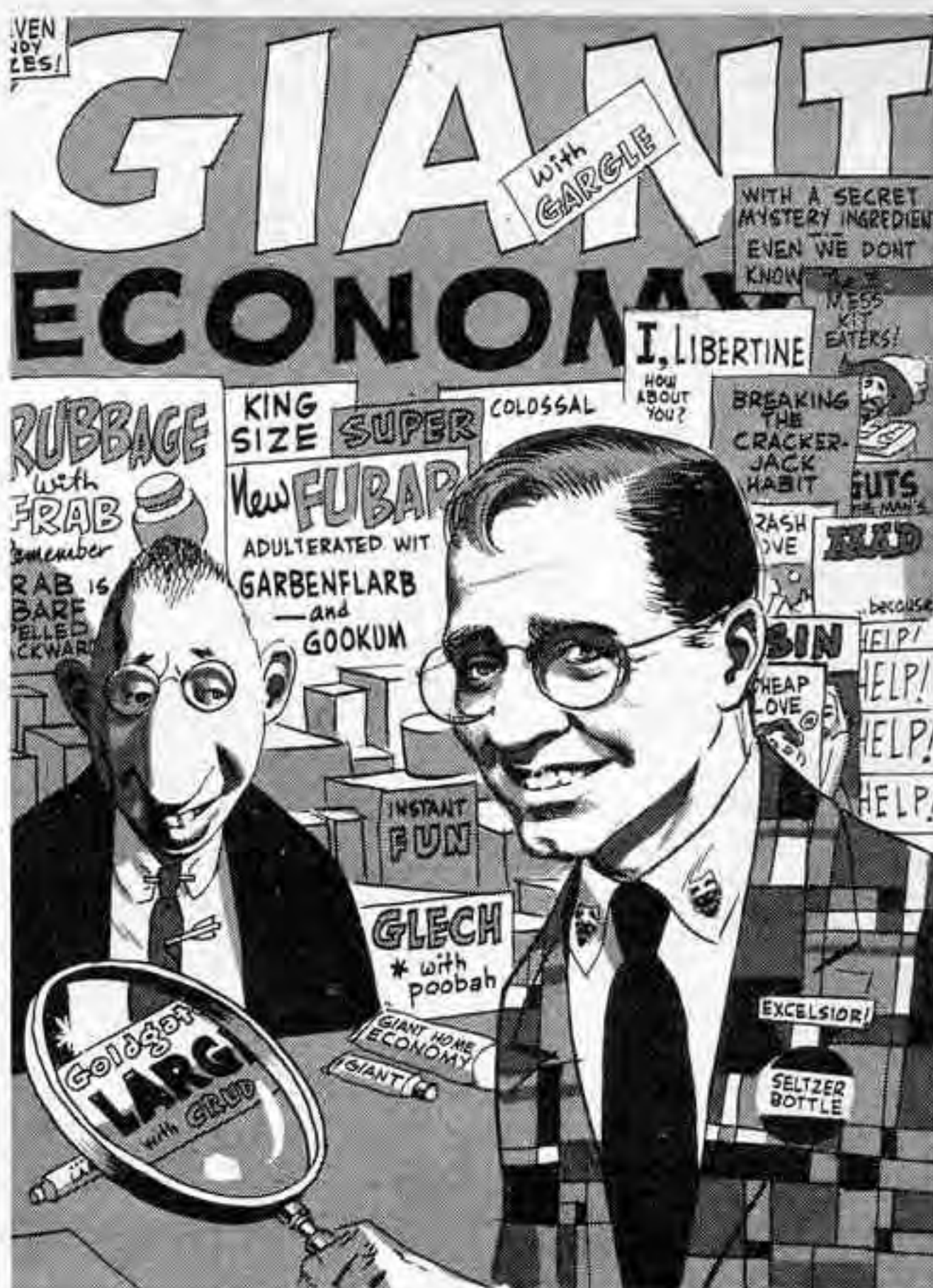
facturers began to see that there was a "thing" here. So the next thing you know, every car has fins.

Couple of years ago, we had a horsepower competition. Now there's a fin competition.

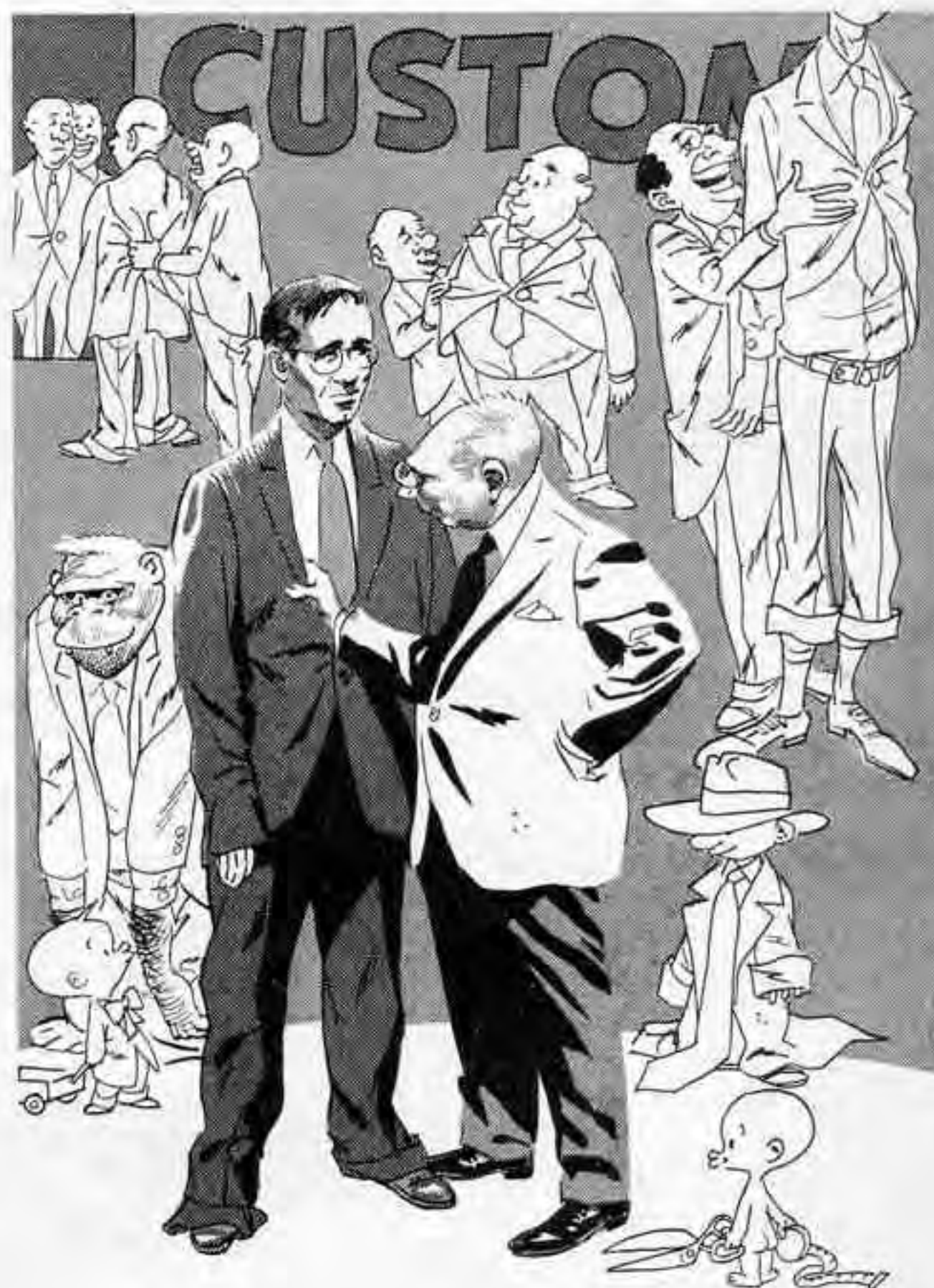
In the "Day World", the car with the highest and longest fin is the car everybody's interested in. CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



I GO INTO A DRUGSTORE TO BUY a small tube of toothpaste for my travelling kit, which is the only size it will take, and I say, "I want a small tube of toothpaste." And the clerk says, "Okay," and he gives me this tube, and on the side it says "large". So I say, "What's this? I want the *small* one!" And he says, "That *is* the small one!" And I say, "It says here . . . 'large'!" And he's getting irritated because I'm beginning to probe into his psyche. This has bothered him a little bit, but he's never said anything before. "Well . . . the 'large' is the smallest they make!", he says. Which means it is totally impossible in the "Day World" to buy anything that's "small". Even if you try.



TODAY, EVERYTHING HAS A BADGE. Take men's suits. I go into Macy's basement, where they sell cheap men's clothing. (And incidentally, they don't call them "Cheap", they call them "Budget-Minded".) And they have this big rack of men's suits. And it says "Custom Brand". And I say, "Custom designed suits? Who are they designed for? I thought 'Custom designed' means designed for an individual." And the salesman says, "Well, you see . . . they're designed for *us* . . . *the basement*." That means, it's impossible in the "Day World" to buy a standard rack suit. All suits are custom designed. Even if they're designed for the rack, and they fit the hangers beautifully.





TODAY, NO MAN IS WITHOUT A MEDAL. I know of a department store where they had all "Day People" working, and these people began to rail at being called "employees". There's something about being called an "employee" which makes you sound like a second-rate citizen. So the guys upstairs started to think about this, and they figured the best thing to do was to change the name. So now, all the people

who work at this particular department store are no longer called "employees", but "associates". And everybody's happy. They've had about a 25% decrease in quitings, fist fights, etc. Because they're "associates" now. It's impossible to be an employee there.

Just as it's impossible to buy a car without fins, or a small tube of toothpaste or a standard rack suit.



HERE'S A WONDERFUL EXAMPLE of "Creeping Meatballism." On "Wide Wide World" one week, they took these cameras down to Florida, and they said, "A lot of you people have never been to Florida, and you want to know how Florida looks, so here's Florida!" And they showed all these palm trees and girls in bathing suits. And it looked like Florida. Only what happened was, when they took those cameras down and set them up, it didn't look like the way they

thought Florida *should* look. So they actually went out and got twenty-five prop palm trees and set them all around, and got some girls to walk around in bathing suits, even though nobody *wore* bathing suits in that part of Florida.

And all the meatballs all over the country sat there and said, "Yeah, by George, there's Florida all right! That's the way Florida looks!" Which means that "Creeping Meatballism" has taken hold of geography.



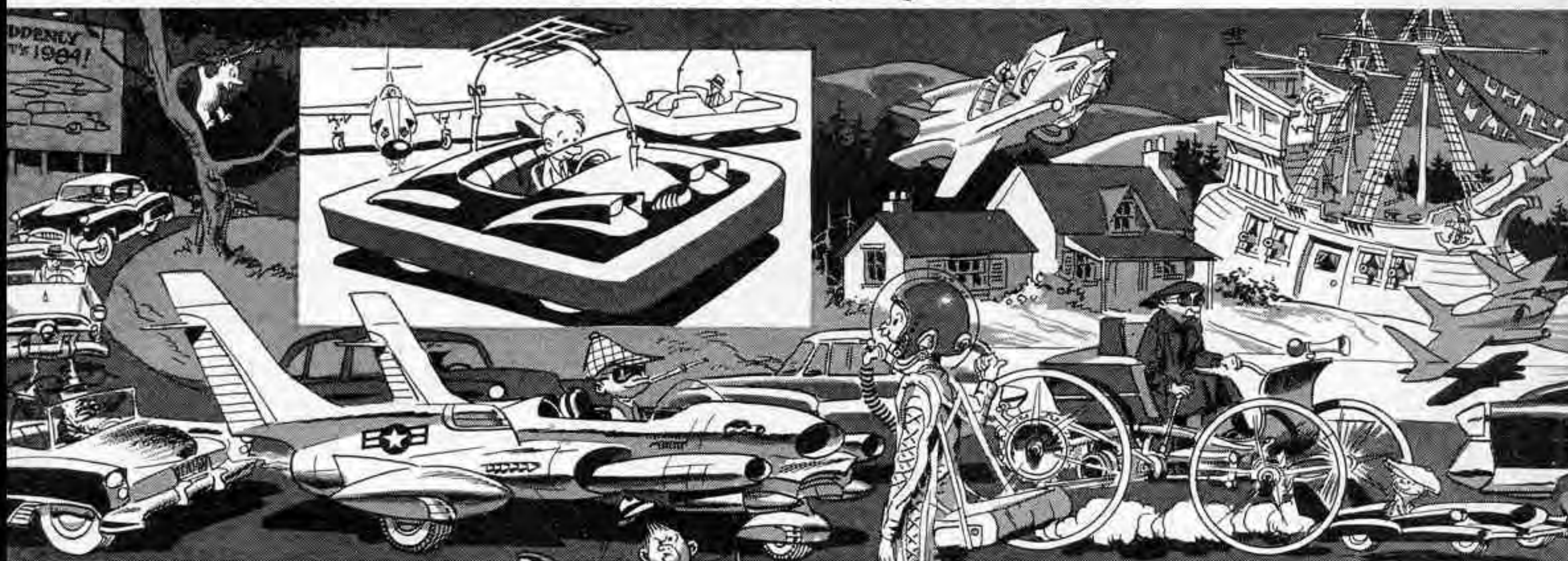
THERE IS A GREAT DEAL OF CONFUSION about what is progress. I think one of the fine examples of the difference between "Night People" and "Day People" can be observed when they both watch Betty Furness do a commercial for Westinghouse. You know the one where she says "Another new miracle has been wrought! Mankind once again progresses! The new Westinghouse refrigerator for 1957 opens from *both sides*!" Well, a "Day People" sitting there says,

"By George, we really *are* getting ahead!" And he feels great. He can see Mankind taking another significant step up that great pyramid of civilization. But a "Night People" watching this thing can't quite figure out what's the advantage of a refrigerator which opens from both sides. All he wants to know is, "Does it keep the stuff cold?"

He's not quite sure there's been any great mark of progress, while there's still wars and stuff going on!

I WAS LISTENING THE OTHER DAY to an ad, and the guy was saying the car he was selling was designed like a jet plane. And I said to myself, "A jet plane is a beautiful thing. Sounds great." Until I suddenly realized: What relationship does a jet plane have with a car that spends most of its time banging into fire hydrants on 59th Street, or piddling along at eight miles an hour in cross-town traffic?

Why, it shouldn't look like a jet plane at all! It should look like one of those rubber-bumpered things they have in amusement parks! That's the ideal car for traffic! What possible advantage would a jet plane have for a guy on Clark Street in Chicago? It would be like designing a house to look like a Spanish Galleon. Everybody likes the looks of those so you might as well live in one.



EVERY ONE OF US, I don't care who he is, has a certain amount of "Night People" in him. Because, no matter how many refrigerators you buy from Betty Furness, no matter how many "custom" suits you buy, no matter how many cars with fins you buy, you're still an individual.

And I'll say this: Once a guy starts *thinking*, once a guy starts *laughing* at the things he once thought were very real, once he starts laughing at T. V. commercials, once he starts getting a boot out of movie trailers, once he begins to realize

that just because a movie is wider or higher or longer doesn't make it a better movie, once a guy starts doing that, he's making the transition from "Day People" to "Night People".

And once this happens, he can never go back!

Jean Shepherd

DATING DEPT.

Since you are obviously a failure in the dating department, (You wouldn't be wasting time reading this trash if you could be going out with girls!) MAD now offers you a rare opportunity to overcome your difficulties with this article which explains...

THE MAD DATING TECHNIQUE

**Wanted... travelling companion.
—John Foster Dulles

Up to now, you have probably approached the problem of dealing with the fair sex in one of two ways. You've either been the "shy" type, and you've failed miserably, or you've been the "aggressive" type, and you've failed miserably. Now, MAD shows you how to be the "Mad" type, and

fail miserably. All kidding aside though, let's go through a typical date, and see how these three types would handle the very same situations. When you've finished, it will be obvious to you that you've made many bad mistakes in your time, including starting this article in the first place.

THE SHY TYPE



THE AGGRESSIVE TYPE



THE MAD TYPE



ASKING FOR THE DATE



THE SHY TYPE hasn't enough nerve to ask for date, writes note instead, pays kid to deliver it. Unfortunately, girl usually accepts, goes out with the kid.



THE AGGRESSIVE TYPE has plenty of nerve, asks girl for date right out. Unfortunately the girl also has plenty of nerve and she usually refuses outright.



THE MAD TYPE doesn't bother to ask, shows up at the girl's house with flowers, asks if she's ready. She hasn't enough nerve to admit she forgot date.

SECURING TRANSPORTATION



THE SHY TYPE hasn't the nerve to ask for his old man's car, so he rents one.



THE AGGRESSIVE TYPE doesn't even ask for his old man's car, he just steals it.



THE MAD TYPE not only borrows old man's car, he also borrows the old man.

IMPRESSING THE GIRL'S FATHER



CHALLENGED BY DATE'S FATHER to Indian wrestle, the shy type purposely loses match, impresses father as a clod.



CHALLENGED BY DATE'S FATHER to Indian wrestle, the aggressive type throws father, impresses him as a clod.



CHALLENGED BY DATE'S FATHER to Indian wrestle, the MAD type throws mother, impresses father as great guy.

PLANNING WHERE TO GO



THE SHY TYPE, in search of place offering possibilities of little conversation, takes his date to neighborhood movie.



THE AGGRESSIVE TYPE, in search of place offering possibilities of little \$ investment, takes his date to same movie.



THE MAD TYPE in search of place offering possibilities of a little necking, takes his date to balcony of the same movie.

IMPRESSING THE GIRL FINANCIALLY



THE SHY TYPE impresses his date by inadvertently leaving a big tip. He's too chicken to ask the waiter for change.



THE AGGRESSIVE TYPE impresses his date by impulsively leaving big tip. He eats candy-bar lunches all that week.



THE MAD TYPE impresses his date by deliberately leaving a big tip. He cleverly swipes it all back as he leaves table.

LOOKING FOR A LITTLE PRIVACY



THE SHY TYPE stops car, pulls old routine about being out of gas. Date gets mad, so he ends up walking down dark lonely road to distant service station.



THE AGGRESSIVE TYPE stops car, pulls 'out-of-gas' routine. Date gets mad, he gets mad, so she ends up walking down lonely dark road to a distant bus stop.



THE MAD TYPE doesn't resort to any corny routines. He crashes the car into a tree, and they *both* end up walking down that dark lonely road. Hoo-hah!

KISSING THE GIRL GOODNIGHT



THE SHY TYPE hasn't the nerve to kiss his date goodnight, puckers several times, and finally ends up whistling.



THE AGGRESSIVE TYPE grabs his date forcefully, kisses her several times, and finally ends up nursing a black eye...



THE MAD TYPE doesn't try, turns to go, falls down, bumps mouth, finally ends up with date kissing his booboo...

**Wanted... a new T. V. show for Phil Silvers.
—The U.S. Army

They DREW their way from "Rags to Riches"

Now they're helping others do the same

By REX TAYLOR

ALBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. Before he was 13, he had to quit school to support his family. Although he worked 12 hours a day—he managed to study art at home in "spare time." Soon people were willing to pay good money for his drawings. At 22 he was earning \$500 a week as a commercial artist. He rose higher and higher to become probably the most fabulous money-maker in the history of advertising art.

Dorne's "rags to riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school at 15. Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan at 5. Robert Fawcett, the "illustrators' illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs, who once couldn't afford a cold-water flat, now lives in a magnificent home over 100 feet long.

A plan to help others: Nearly ten years ago, these men gathered in Dorne's luxurious New York studio for a fateful meeting. With them were six other equally famous artists—Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, John Atherton. Almost all had similar "rags to riches" backgrounds.

Dorne outlined to them a problem and a plan. He pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. And thousands of men and women wanted very much to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and profes-



NORMAN ROCKWELL
—this best-loved American artist left school at 15.

sional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful experience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent...no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve famous artists quickly buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. Looking for a way to explain drawing techniques to students who would be thousands of miles away, they turned to the war-born methods of modern visual training. What better way could you teach the art of making

pictures, they reasoned, than through pictures? They made over 5,000 drawings specially for the school's magnificent home study lessons. And after they had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color. Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw the "glamour girls" for which he is world-famous. Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

Finally, the men spent three years working out a revolutionary, new way to correct a student's work. For each drawing the student sent in, he would receive a long personal letter of criticism and advice. Along with the letter, on a transparent "overlay," the instructor would actually draw, in detail, his corrections of the student's work. Thus there could be no misunderstanding. And the student would have a permanent record to refer to as often as he liked.

School is launched; students quickly succeed. The Famous Artists Schools (whose classrooms are the students' own homes and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled in art education) now has 5,000 active students in 32 countries. The famous artists who started the school as a labor of love still own it, run it, and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

Eric Ericson is a good example. He used to work in an auto parts department. Today, he is an Art Director at seven times the salary he was making when he enrolled.

John Whitaker of Memphis was an airline clerk when he started his art studies. Two years later, he won a national cartooning contest. Re-



ALBERT DORNE — one of the greatest money-makers in commercial art. From the window of his luxurious studio high above New York, Dorne can see the slum tenement where he once lived.

cently, he was signed to do a comic strip for a group of newspapers.

John Buskett was a pipe-fitter's helper with a gas company. Now he works for the same company in the advertising department at a big increase in pay.

Harriet Kuzniewski was bored with an "ordinary" job when she enrolled. A few months later, she landed a job as fashion artist. A year after that, she was made assistant art director. Now, she does important fashion illustrations and gets lots of free-lance work, too.

"Where are the famous artists of tomorrow?" Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous," he says. "We continually get calls and letters from art buyers all over the U. S. They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs.

"I'm firmly convinced," Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think that they have talent. Many of them do have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art... if we can only find them."

Unique art talent test: To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 12-page Talent Test. Originally they charged \$1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

Would you like to know if you have valuable hidden art talent? Simply mail coupon below. The Famous Artists Talent Test will be sent to you without cost or obligation. And it *might* lead you to become one of the "famous artists of tomorrow."

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS

Studio 70, Westport, Conn.

I want to find out if I have art talent worth developing. Please send me—without obligation—your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr. _____ Age _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____ (Please Print)
Address _____
City, Zone, State _____

Mail Coupon (or duplicate)



Eric Ericson



John Whitaker



John Buskett



Harriet Kuzniewski

Cut 'em out, paste 'em on your old scratchy 45's, and impress your friends with these . . .

MAD RECORD LABELS

